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# *The* Chronicle



September  
1924

VOLI XXIII

No. 1

Each, after all, learns only what he can;  
Who grasps the moment as it flies,  
He is the real man.

GOETHE



# *The* Chronicle



September  
1924

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(Complete in 61002)

## DREAM-DUST

---

R. H. SMITH, '25

The dust of dead dreams lies thick 'neath my feet  
In the land where the Present and the Past softly  
    meet,  
And the ache that this dream-dust implants in my  
    heart  
Seems to rend and to tear my soul part from part.

Dream-dust, like the dust of roses long dead,  
Holds still to its sweetness though its hour has sped,  
But a pain that is stronger than one heart can hold  
Is awakened by the dream-dust that lies in my soul.

Dead dreams leave sweet mem'ries; heartaches or  
    pain  
That rise like the odor of dead roses, again;  
And the mem'ries of the sweetness of all these  
    dead dreams  
Fills my heart with an ache at its presence, it seems

But, though the dream-dust lies thick 'neath my  
    feet  
In the land where the Present and the Past softly  
    meet  
I cling to my dreams as a miser to his gold,  
And find in the living, sweet balm for my soul.

## UNFORGOTTEN LOVE

R. H. CURETON, '26

---

In my boyhood days I spent the greater part of my spare time with Captain Graham, an old man who lived in a big colonial mansion situated directly across the road from my home. This old mansion was a big, rambling structure which, like most old buildings of its kind, was sadly in need of paint. It could be seen though that it had once been one of the finest structures of its kind; but owing to lack of care, it was sadly in need of repairs. The magnificent tall columns, characteristic of all old colonial mansions, were almost black with age. The steps and front veranda were rotten, adding to the general unkempt appearance of the place.

Leading to the house from the road, was a narrow driveway which was so overhung with the shrubbery that grew along each side, that it always gave me the feeling of passing through a tunnel when walking through it. So thick were the shrubbery and trees upon the lawn, that it was impossible to gain a view of the house from any position on the road, which was more than three hundred yards from it. To me, as a boy, this old masion with its spacious lawn was a paradise. The big lawn, with its many hiding places was ideal for playing "cow-boy and Indians." Then, too, the old house was just mysterious enough to be interesting. With attractions such as these, it is no wonder that the most enjoyable moments of my younger days were spent here with Captain Graham.

Even though he was in his seventies, Captain Graham had an erect figure, and walked with a firm, steady stride. He was almost six feet tall, and it was not difficult to see that in his earlier days he



must have an exceptionally fine figure. His broad massive shoulders were always held erect. He had the most striking face that I have ever seen. Never have I seen another face so expressive of grief. His whole countenance seemed to spell "grief" itself. Even as young as I was, his deep-set, steel-gray eyes often caused me to have a feeling of deepest sympathy for him, because of the look of sadness that was ever present in them. His mouth, even though it was partly hidden by a heavy white moustache, expressed grief in such a pronounced way that, even when he smiled one of his rare smiles, it was such a sad smile that it caused a feeling of sadness rather than of cheer in the observer.

One beautiful afternoon in May, 1910, just after arriving home from school, putting away my books, and eating lunch, I went across the way to see my old friend, Captain Graham. As I neared the house I saw him sitting alone on an old oaken bench in front of the door steps, smoking his pipe. When he saw me coming, he stood up and waved a welcoming hand, for he was, I believe, always glad to see me, since I was the only visitor he ever had. I returned his salute, and when I had reached him I asked, "Well, Daddy," (I called him Daddy because I knew he liked it) "what's on for today. Shall it be another story about the war, or do you want to go to walk in the sunshine?"

"Why, boy, I don't feel so spry today as usual; so suppose we sit here in the sunshine and chat for a while," he answered. And with that he resumed his seat on the bench and motioned for me to seat myself beside him. We sat there for several minutes without a single word passing between us, until presently I saw that he was so deep in thought that he had forgotten about me. So, reaching out, I grasped his hand in mine, and looking up at him I said, "A penny for your thoughts." He started

slightly, then turning to me he gave me one of his rare, sad smiles and drawled, "Lad, the thoughts which were passing through my old gray head are priceless, but I'll give them to you for nothing, except the promise from you that you will not disturb me until I have finished my story."

"Of course, 'Dad,' I won't say a word if you don't want me to," I promised. So, leaning my head back against him, drawing my feet up on the bench in front of me, clasping my hands around my bare knees and letting my eyes rest on a sleek little humming bird which was busily sucking nectar from the flowers in a nearby flower bed, I waited.

"During the War between the States," he began, "I was captain of Company I, First South Carolina Cavalry. When the war broke out I was a young man of twenty-five, and of course I enlisted immediately, as all of the other true sons of South Carolina did. How well I remember the day before I enlisted—and why should I not cherish the memory of that day, for it was then that I bade farwell to the dearest, truest girl that ever lived". As he said this his voice quavered slightly. Halting for a moment, he cleared his throat and continued: "Esther Roberts was her name. She was the daughter of Colonel Roberts who joined the Union forces and influenced his son, Rupert, to do the same.

"It was with a sad heart that I set out on what I thought was to be my last visit to the girl who meant so much to me. I started on horse-back in the early afternoon for the Robert's mansion, which was six good long country miles from here. The sun was almost down when I rode up the long beautiful driveway which led up to the house. I alighted, and was met at the door by Esther, who led the way into the house. After being seated in the spacious living room on a big roomy sofa, she launched at once upon the subject that was most pressing upon her mind—that of the war.



“‘Oh! Paul, how terrible this war is. Father and Rupert left this morning to join the Union army, and now you are going. How can I stand it?’” With that a tear stole down her pretty cheek.

“I took her hands in mine and comforted her as best I could, telling her that the war would soon end, and that everything would turn out alright. She seemed more cheerful during the remainder of the evening. We talked of many things which were not of enough importance to be mentioned here. As is always the case when two lovers are together, time passed as if on wings, and it was too soon time for me to take my leave. When we walked out upon the porch, we saw what we had been missing by staying indoors. The whole world seemed bathed in a soft, mellow flood of moonlight. How peaceful everything seemed! As we stood there together, I felt that I could not leave her without one more walk with her along the moonlit paths that we had so often trod before. “‘Es-ther,” I said, “even though it is late, can we not have one more walk together before I leave?”

“‘Yes’, she almost whispered. So, hand in hand we strolled along the paths that we had explored together in our childhood. Never had she seemed so beautiful or so dear to me. Her soft, lustrous brown hair; her tender brown eyes; her rosy lips, which were half parted over pearly white teeth; and when I looked at her smile, it reminded me of red roses and snow. Presently we came to an unfrequented path, which we followed. It led us down to an old spring, the water of which gushed out from under the very roots of a giant poplar tree, forming a stream of molten silver in the moonlight which filtered through the tree tops. There beneath that rugged tree with the solitary moon for our only witness, we pledged our love for each other and sealed our promises with a kiss which,

even after all these years, still burns hot upon my lips. I left her that night with many whispered promises of faithfulness, and with joyous thoughts of the future happiness."

He halted here, knocked the ashes from his pipe, thrust it into his pocket, changed his position slightly, and resumed: "The following day I joined the army, and in a short time was given a commission. I had many exciting times during the war, most of which I have already related to you. I fought at many different places during the four long years of conflict, and for this reason I rarely saw Esther, or heard from her. I received a letter from her in the latter part of the year 1863, telling me of her mother's death, but I could not leave my company at the time; so of course I could not go to her in that hour of sadness. After her mother's death, Esther was left at home alone, with no one for company except an old negro mammy who had been with the family ever since Esther was a mere child." He again stopped talking and rising took my hand in his, and began walking along one of the many nearby paths. We walked for several minutes in silence before he took up the thread of the story where he had left off.

"In the month of April, 1865, my company was captured at Macon, Georgia, but I managed to escape—risking my life in doing so. After my escape, there was nothing for me to do except return to my home, because the war was almost over. I set out on horseback, with the intention of reaching home in a few days; but owing to the torn-up roads and bridges, I was on the road about two weeks. When I arrived here I was tired and almost starved after my long journey; but so anxious was I to see Esther that I did not tarry long at home. I stopped only long enough to see what a great change the four years had made in the old place. There was no one

left here but my father, and he was almost worked to death owing to the fact that all of the slaves had left at the outbreak of the war, and all of the work had been left for him to do."

All this time we had been walking down a tiny, well-beaten path which passed through a small grove of pine trees. Several hundred feet ahead I noticed a tiny iron-fenced enclosure. I wondered all the time what it could be, for I had never been to this part of the old plantation before. Presently he resumed his narrative.

"As soon as I could clean my ragged, bedraggled uniform, and shave, I made haste to the Robert's mansion where I found Esther, as beautiful as ever, but more frail looking, for it was upon her young shoulders that the task of keeping up the old mansion had fallen after the death of her mother.

"'At last!' she sighed, as I clasped her in my arms; 'you have come back to me. My prayers have surely been answered, for God alone knows how I have prayed that you would be spared and come back to me. We have had to bear so much pain and grief; but that is all over, and we shall be happy now because, if we have nothing else left in the world, we have each other, haven't we?'

"'Yes, dearest,' I answered, 'we shall surely be happy, now that this terrible conflict has almost ceased, and we are together again.'

"All this time we had been standing on the front porch. The front door was standing slightly ajar. Esther was standing between me and the door. For some reason, I know not what, I glanced at the door just in time to see the blue-clad figure of a man jump quickly aside. I knew it at once to be the uniform of a Union soldier. My face evidently registered fear, for Esther, seeing the sudden change in my expression, literally threw herself into my arms, clasping me about the neck. At the

same instant the clear, sharp, report of a pistol rang out, and Esther, whom I loved more than my own life, sank limply in my arms. How long I stood there holding her, I never knew, for it seemed that my mind was paralyzed from the shock. When I regained control of my limbs, I placed her inert form upon a bench which was nearby and set to work to find the wound. It never once occurred to me to look for the person who had fired the shot, though I learned later that it was her war-crazed brother who had slipped back home all un-awares to Esther, and was in hiding in the old rambling house. My whole thought was for Esther, who had interposed her body between mine and the bullet which was intended for me. I felt her pulse and found that it was still fluttering feebly. Just as I was turning her gently upon her side to find where the bullet had entered her soft, young body, her eyelids fluttered slightly, and she opened her eyes. Reaching out her hand she grasped my ragged coat, drew my face down to hers and kissed me full upon the lips.

“‘Goodbye, Paul,’ she whispered, ‘I must leave you. Remember I always—loved—’. She never finished, for her eyes fell shut, a faint tender smile played upon her lips, and she passed into that deep slumber from which there is no awakening.”

At this point the old man’s voice quavered and broke. Taking out his handkerchief he mopped his streaming eyes, and then led the way on down the path to the small fenced enclosure which I had been wondering about. Pointing to the mound of earth inside, he said: “There is her last resting place—a beautiful rose plucked from its stem—all too soon, all too soon.”

I looked where he pointed, and my heart fairly bled as I thought of the anguish that this sight must bring to the heart of the old man at my side—the



bitterest anguish that a heart can contain.

It was almost dusk now. The sun had nearly vanished beyond the western horizon, and the tree frogs were beginning their grating chorus in the nearby trees, when we turned our faces back down the path that led to the house. I had not spoken during his whole narration, and even now I could not, so full was my heart with sympathy for the lonely old man who was my friend. We walked to the house in silence, but there he turned and said, "Well, goodbye, boy. Come back tomorrow." With that he turned and started to walk away.

"So long, Dad," I answered; "I'll be seeing you."

I turned and watched him as he vanished into the grim, old house to be alone with his sorrow, and I walked away thinking, "What strange pranks life plays with some people."



## FALLEN BRIDGES

---

M. B. KIRTON, '25

---

Carry me back with boyish laughter,  
Back to bare-foot days of yore;  
Let me dream the dreams of boyhood  
By the old mill pond once more.

Let me sit beneath the cypress  
Where the old bridge creaks and sighs  
To the waters passing onward  
Singing happily to the skies.

Feel the cool breeze with its kisses  
Fresh as virgin lips divine;  
Where with all its wildwood sweetness  
Grows the honeysuckle vine.

Just to see once more the waters,  
Hear the sighs of moss-clad pines  
With their grey-beard limbs reflected,  
Mirrored deep in swaying lines.

Do you know that here the Sun-perch  
Guards its nest like precious gold,  
Or that here the lazy Jack-pike  
Live like secrets still untold?

But perhaps you have forgotten—  
These were days of long ago;  
For the wings of Time o'er shadowed,  
And these scenes are now no more.

Yes, the old bridge long has fallen—  
Just as bridges often do;  
And the one-time happy waters  
Seem to have taken a different hue.

Oh what dream is there of childhood  
But has faded with the years!  
Are there bridges—or singing waters—  
Visions,—still undimmed by tears?

But if yet, O Mortal Dreamer,  
There's within your soul today  
Just one dream that has not faded,  
Has not long since passed away—

Cherish it with shameless worship;  
Reverence it like golden truth;  
Bind about it olden heart-strings,  
Remnants of the heart of youth.

For 'tis Time, that ever changing,  
Heartlessly drives our dreams away,  
Spinning webs of silken mystery  
O'er the paths of yesterday.

So, go back with boyish laughter,  
Back to barefoot days of yore;  
Just to dream the dreams of boyhood  
By the old mill pond once more.



## THE LAST LAP

---

W. R. ROY, '26

---

"And report for your first duties at eight o'clock, Monday morning, June the fifteenth. Good afternoon, sir," and John Harden, president of the Morgandale Electric Company, turned brusquely to his work.

With a hasty "Thank you, sir," Ted Grant turned and walked out of the elaborate office. He could hardly believe that such fortune could come to him. Out of two hundred candidates, he had been the lucky one. John Harden, the eccentric old millionaire, had selected him as the best man for the position, and had summoned him for a private conference. The main point of the interview had been loyalty—loyalty first of all to his work and employer. The salary was almost beyond his perception, and furthermore he had a wonderful chance of a raise.

Ted walked on air back to the car which took him to the University. He was a rather small fellow, light hair and brown eyes. His step was springy, suggesting abilities to run, and indeed he was the star miler for the University. A senior, graduating in three weeks, he was one of the most popular boys at the University.

He was the object of many envious eyes for the next few days. But soon his good fortune ceased to be the main topic of conversation among his friends, for the next Saturday would bring with it the last meet of the season, the dual meet with Hartford, the rival college in all sports.

Tuesday night, after the workout, Ted walked slowly back to the showers with Fordham, the shot-putter.

"Looks like the meet Saturday depends on you, Ted" speculated Fordham.

"No more than on the rest of the fellows; because every first takes five marks," was the reply.

"I have the meet doped out in a way," Fordham produced a scrap of paper, "of course, you never can tell, but I believe we will take the hundred, two-twenty, and the jumps. The way I have figured we need the mile to put us over. They ought to take exactly half of the firsts. I'm sure worrying."

"Don't worry about me, Fliv, I'll put every ounce I have," laughed Ted, as he parted with the big man.

After supper, he went to the room of the captain of the team, where the members of the team were in the habit of gathering to discuss the news of the day. After much debating the conversation turned to the rival team. Each rival's point were gone over and discussed. Finally the subject of the opposing miler was brought up.

"He has been doing about four-thirty flat. He hasn't been beaten this year. But, Ted, you have got a four twenty-eight and so you should tear him down. His name is Harden; his dad has rocks. His dad is a funny old cuss; if you beat his son, he'll want to eat you alive. I know him. He is president of the Electric Company in town. He—why—what's the trouble, Ted?"

Ted had turned pale, for it was the first time he had connected Harden with the old millionaire. So this was his son—and if he won—would he be turned down? A thousand questions assailed his brain. He couldn't think.

"I'm all right. Sure. I am going to take that mile or bust. I can beat Harden, because I feel it in

my bones, because this is my last mile for the old school."

Ted left the meeting rather early, complaining of a math. quiz. But he did not study math. All he could do was see himself running ahead of Harden, and the wrath of the old man. Then he could imagine Harden breasting the tape while the school lost the meet. Of course if he lost the mile it would mean a little less glory, but it also meant that he would have a comfortable position for the rest of his life.

He went to bed early, but wished he had not, for he could not sleep. The eternal question bothered him. In the morning he had decided to do his best, and let the job go, for was not Nell going to see him run? And she had never seen him. By the time he had fully made up his mind on this course he really felt better, because he thought that he should put the school and Nell ahead of all personal interests.

On Wednesday it rained. By this time Ted had decided and reversed his decision half a dozen times. He rather welcomed the rain. He even hoped it would rain and rain, so that on Saturday he would not have to run that miserable mile. But by Thursday, the sun had cleared up the sky and no mud was on the track. Friday his mother and father came from home in the car and saw their son. He almost told his problem to his father but decided to thrash it out himself. He knew his mother would not understand.

"What's the latest news from town, Dad?" he asked of his father.

"Nothing much, except that the old home town is sure betting on you, son. Half the town has bet money on you, and the other part hasn't money enough to bet. I am sure proud of you, my boy. If I were a betting man, I would place my money on you."

"Betting on me?" gasped Ted. "How foolish."

"Yes, about five thousand is placed on you, and the funny part about it is that the mile is the only event which is being wagered upon. There is some foolish millionaire in Morgandale who, for some reason, has bet on the mile. His name is Harden."

"Not Harden, the president of the Electric Company!"

"The very same. Isn't he foolish?" Mr. Grant was looking at his son; "what is the matter, you've turned pale."

"Dad, he is my future employer. His son runs the mile for Hartford. I'm in a pretty pickle. What would you do?" Ted appealed to his father and pal.

Mr. Grant looked his son in the eye. "Ted, you are a man, and although this is an important decision, I think it is your duty to settle the matter in whatever way you think best. Be a man and render a man's decision."

Mr. Grant grasped his son's hand and turned away. With a lump in his throat and a heavy load on his mind, Ted dragged himself to supper. At supper he spoke little. The other members of the team thought he was worried over the race on the morrow, and tried to cheer him up, but he avoided them, and went to bed immediately after supper.

In spite of his worries, he spent a good night, and the sun woke him up the next morning. It was a beautiful morning. Ted's first thought of the day was the mile. He dressed hurriedly and hustled to the breakfast table. The coach was there asking everyone how he felt, of course, every man everyone how he felt, of course, every man answered that he felt like a top.

The morning passed slowly for Ted. He had two classes, which passed after an eternity. The team



ate the usual light lunch, and orders were for them to be dressed at two.

The hour of the meet had at last arrived. The events were run off on schedule time. For some reason, the mile was the last on the list. This only tended to make Ted more nervous. The points were added up after each event. First the University held the lead, but after the shot and discus events, Hartford had 47 to the University's 44. Then the University won the broad jump, giving them 49, but the rival won second, bringing their total to 50. The mile was next.

Ted warmed up. The yells of the students were crashing on his ear drums like a hammer.

"All out for the mile," yelled the starter. Ted saw the flutter of his mother's handkerchief in the grandstand as he dug his holes for the start. With a muttered prayer, he took his mark.

"On your marks! Get set!" The crack of the pistol rang as Ted sprang forward. But Harden got a better start and took the pole. The first lap he set a fast pace, and Ted fell back, for he really intended to let Harden win. At the end of the second lap, Ted was fifteen yards behind, but he sprinted to keep Hartford's second man from passing him. He was ten yards behind at the end of the third lap. As he passed the grandstand, a chorus of yells made him grit his teeth.

"I will win! Hang the job!" He sprang forward on the last lap. But a ten yard handicap was not easy to overcome. Straining in every nerve he put forth every ounce of energy to overhaul his opponent. Ten yards—eight yards—five—three—now he could feel the cinders off his rival's feet. His breath was coming in gasps. Now he was a yard behind. With a supreme effort, Ted lunged forward and broke the tape a scant foot in the lead. He staggered and fell, exhausted. But the

score now stood—University 54, Hartford 53. He had won the meet!

As the cheers subsided, a hand gently helped him to his feet. It was his father's.

"Nice work, son," he said huskily.

"I-I-Oh! Dad! I couldn't let him win without doing my best." Ted was almost sobbing. "It means that I must look for another job."

"Where is he? Where is the boy that won that mile? Where—! There he is! "An elderly, portly gentleman was pushing and elbowing his way through the crowd. He came up to Ted, and, to Ted's astonishment grasped his hand. For it was Mr. Harden.

"That was nice work, nice work. I like men that do their best for their teams. Loyalty—that's my mottoe—Loyalty I always want men to work for me that are loyal."

As the sun was sinking in the west, a couple could be seen sitting on a bench in an isolated part of the campus.

"Teddy, I thought you were going to lose until the last, and then—oh, I just knew you couldn't lose." Nell was speaking.

The sun descended below the purple horizon. This thing—loyalty—was it worthy of its name?

The End.





## FAITH

---

R. H. SMITH '25

---

Make me, O God, to know thy will,  
And set my feet on the way  
That Thou wouldst have me tread until  
I finish my earthly stay.

Take from my heart all doubts and fears—  
Make me steadfast, Lord,  
That I may go thru the long, long years  
And at last see thy reward.

Teach me to live as a man should live,  
Who fearlessly stands for Thee;  
To take no thought for self, but give  
My all—scant tho it be.

Help me that I may stronger grow  
In my purpose to live for Thee—  
All this I ask, O God, and know  
That all will be given me—

All this and e'en more wilt Thou give  
If the lesson of faith we have learned.  
So show me, O Christ, how I should live  
That I may, "Well done," earn.

## OPPORTUNITY

---

W. A. SHANDS, '26

---

It is generally thought that opportunity knocks but once at every one's door, but this is not true; at least it is not true of the man who is willing and ready to respond when it makes a second appearance. Every day opportunity is knocking at man's door, but he seems to be too deeply engrossed in the trivial things of life to realize that Opportunity has appeared unto him. He is thinking of the many good times that lie in the past, and the many more good times that lie in wait in the future. He is thinking, also, of the numberless chances that he has had to render service to his fellowmen, which chances he passed by without notice. But this idle reminiscing will do no good; he should be thinking of the future, and "let the dead bury its dead." He should be renewing his determination, never again to let a chance pass without doing all that he can to render a bit of service, and looking with new zeal for all opportunities that come his way to render service. "Weep not for golden wages on the wane—", for there is no chance for the man who does this in the world today. BUT there is a place for the man who says "I can."

On the other hand, it is true that opportunity never forces itself on anyone; it stands "just outside the door," ready to be let in by any one who will open. It may seem to some that opportunity has left them for always, but these are those who are never alert to a real opportunity for service. Opportunity, however, seems to desert only those who are unwilling to awake and grasp the many

opportunities that come their way; therefore, it is left for us to decide whether we really want to make our lives count, or just want to sit idly by, never rendering any service to anyone.

"No shame-faced outcast ever sank so low, but that he yet might rise and be again a man." It matters not what we have been—whether we have made use of our opportunities or wasted them; whether we are anything or nothing—these past records are swept from the Recorder's book each night as we drift into unconsciousness, if we will but pledge ourselves to awake the next morning with a new determination to dare and to do. You remember the promise, "Each night I burn the records, of the day; at sunrise every soul is born again." So let us forget all the missed opportunities and see what we can make of those to come. If we could but realize the importance of so doing we would be greatly helped.

"Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell;  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven."



AN OLD PLANTATION HOME

---

J. M. VAN de ERVE, '26

---

An old grass covered road, a mile or more in length, led up to the old mansion. Bordered on each side by a long row of trees, once carefully kept but now a tangle of rotted limbs and hanging moss, the road wound in and out until it came into view of the old Mulberry plantation.

On a slight rise stood the great old mansion, gray and weatherbeaten, but still possessing some of its former glory. Built of old English brick, it stood behind the great weather-stained columns of the veranda. The many windows were quaintly shuttered in the olden style, and some of them, blown to and fro by the winds, were broken and now hung by only one hinge. The broad expanse of roof was broken here and there by a gaping hole. To the right, at the foot of the slope, were the few huts and cabins that remained of the servants quarters, while on the left were the old, delapidated barn and sheds. Between these and the house, in a slight depression, stood the old spring house.

On reaching the top of the knoll I could see, on the other side, the river only a short distance off. A winding, flag-stoned pathway led down to the river's edge to an old wharf, the flooring of which had long since rotted away, leaving only a few barnacled posts to mark the place where it had stood.

In the late afternoon the old place fairly radiated peacefulness. Everything was quiet and still, save for the occasional cry of a bird or the hum of the bees. A small wisp of smoke, lazily curling upward from one of the old cabins, was the only sign of life.

Having obtained a key to the old house and permission to explore it, I opened the large oaken

doors and stepped inside, to find myself in a long, spacious hall. At the far end of it, rose the old winding staircase, with its mahogany railings and newel posts, to the great ball room upstairs. On every hand my eye met the accumulated dust and spider-webs of many years. Through a few broken shutters above, the last rays of the setting sun made the desolation only more apparent.

As I rested there on an old, dust-covered bench, I sank into a reverie. Once more the halls became as of old, with polished brass and mahogany reflecting the flickering light from the great hearth fire, while stern old portraits stared down upon the glorious pageantry. Once more the mansion was peopled with beautiful ladies and gallant courtiers. Once more the tinkle of glasses, the light-hearted chatter, and the sound of the violin filled the house. Once more the young people danced and were gay while the older people gathered in little knots to talk of old times.

Slowly the vision faded and I awoke, with a start, to find myself in a dark, gloomy old hall. The sun had set and only a bleak gray light filtered in through the broken shutters. With a sigh I closed the door behind me and once more went my way.





## MOTHER DEAR

---

FRED LEITZSEY, '25

Mother, dear, as I sit here,  
I'm thinking most of thee;  
Within thy heart I am a part—  
You'd live or die for me.  
Within my heart there is a fire,  
Within my soul a flame  
For you, the light within my life,  
That helps me play the game.  
Ever near me, oh, so near,  
Mother, dear, mother, dear.

Celestial light of love divine,  
No sweeter name e'er lived than thine;  
No sweeter voice, no sweeter face  
Shall in my heart e'er find a place.  
A babe when thy great love first came,  
A man in life, 'tis just the same;  
On the highest shrine I place thy name,  
Ever near me, oh, so near,  
Mother, dear, mother, dear.

## HENRY CURTIS

---

"PREACHER"

---

That a man can not do more ~~than~~ he thinks he can is a scientific and practical law. Henry Curtis was as clear a proof of this law as I have ever seen. He came from a socially elect family; but when only fifteen years of age he had left home and joined the marine corps. After being transferred from place to place in the United States, he was sent to the West Indies. He stayed there, by some mockery gaining wonderful experience, until he fell sick with the fever on account of the hot humid climate. Of course he was immediately discharged, but it is very probable that this disease left him so weakened that he was destined to make many a losing struggle before he was finally victorious.

The time came when Curtis realized the value of what he had wasted on loafing, indulgence, and dissipation. Of course, he saw the value of a college education, and it was in the autumn of 1920 that Henry Curtis first walked into a college hall with a realization of its value. He was twenty-one years old, but this fact did not daunt his beginning.

Curtis was put in the same section that I was. He seemed to be all that a man of his social standing would be expected to be. He dressed well, and he seemed to have exceptional ability.

Then the downfall. It was not really a downfall; it was a gradual fall. He began having the "blues" pretty often. He wanted to talk to me about such serious subjects as life, and about what a failure he had been. He got neglectful of his duties, and his grades became poorer. He went out for spring football, but quit after about a week.

The time finally came when it looked as if Curtis

were going to the dogs. But, by a happy coincidence, it happened that on the same Sunday evening in the spring of that year, 1920, when his roommate, George Gates, became suddenly enthusiastic over getting contributors to the Siren, the college magazine of which he had recently been made editor, Curtis was having one of his "blue" spells. As Curtis was thinking of what a miserable weakling and failure he was, his "old lady" approached him with the proposition, "Henry I want you to write a piece for the Siren." Curtis at first laughed, but then he thought of how much it would mean if he could get a piece published in a magazine which was so important in the life of the college.

But the old idea that he couldn't do it came upon him, and he said, "George I can't do it; I'm not talented that way."

"Why it doesn't take talent to write a little essay for that magazine," replied Gates; "we have to take what we can get because so few write anything. The reasons why so few people write are they are too lazy and they think their own experiences too commonplace to write about. The fact is men who write merely write about the same kind of experiences and write the same thoughts that other men think too commonplace to fool with."

"Well I'll write a piece sometime; I'm all off to-night," replied Henry.

"Look here, don't you know that if you will sit down here and write me an essay on something you saw or did in the West Indies, it will be a first step toward making you the man you ought to be. The trouble with you is that you are so sure that you can't do the things you can, that you really can't do them. Happiness comes only when you do the things you know you should do regardless of whether you want to or not. Sit down there and start off on that essay."

Henry sat down and began to write; "Few people realize——

George toured the floor twice and returned to the table where Henry was attempting to write. "I've stopped," said Henry.

"You go on." replied George.

Henry Curtis began writing. From a seige of trials, quits and exhortations, a glowing and colorful description of the "Beauties of Porto Rica-" if it has any—emerged.

The essay went for publication in the Siren, not with Henry Curtis's name, but with the editor's signed to it, because Curtis knew he couldn't do anything worth while. You can readily guess what followed.



## A SATIRE ON WOMAN

---

FRED LEITZSEY, '26

---

Many years ago, Adam was all alone in Nature's wonderful garden, enjoying the dewey freshness of the morning, and inhaling deep contented breaths of the morning air. He was at peace with all the world and yet the poor man was not satisfied, and he began to wonder if, after all, there was not something lacking in his life. Sure enough, he found that one of his ribs was missing, over which fact he began to wonder. Soon, however his mind was set at ease by the discovery of his mate, Eve, and his peace was permanently destroyed by the same discovery. Today man is still wondering over the problem which confronted Adam several thousand years ago. This problem is WOMAN.

Here we find records of the invention of the first broadcasting station which was known to science. This was probably the greatest invention of the ages, for man does not understand the intricate mechanisms, and varying moods of it. There is however, one serious defect in this otherwise flawless invention, once it was started, no one has been able to silence it. Of course this invention was —Woman.

It is common knowledge that Eve was produced from one of the bones from poor Adam's body, and some are rather inclined to think that it was his funny bone. We will not take time to argue this point, for everyone knows that there are exceptions to every rule; therefore, all women do not appear to be a product of a funny bone. According to one of our eminent philosophers, though, there is one kind of liar for every kind of woman in the world. But, I will have to admit that it is necessary for



them to lie occasionally to keep their peace with the men.

We are glad to see woman taking a part in the government of the nation, for now she has an excuse for taking control of her poor husbands's vote. Every since the time when Eve ruled the Garden with an iron hand, woman has been the ruler of the world in actuality, and it is very fine indeed to give them an excuse in the form of equal votig rights. Then, too, women will be better as office holders for their hands are smaller and they can not make away with so much as a man could.

It is a bit of common knowledge that a man becomes bald-headed from mental strain, and that an excess of mental activity will cause a scarcity of hair on any man's head. From this we can conclude that a great deal of activity causes the inhibition of the growth of hair, and this is the reason that we find no baldheaded woman, and no moustache on a woman's upper lip—their brain works too little and their mouth too much.

A woman, with all her radiance and beauty, occupies a throne from which she rules the world. It matters not where the throne be, nor how high or low the estate of the occupant; whether hers is a royal throne or the throne of a wash-tub; whether she rides in a Packard or a Ford, she sits on a throne just the same. By her beauty and manifold virtues, she has acquired potency, and by her charm and graces she has acquired the title, "Queen of the universe." Her king is always attendant on her, but sometimes she changes her throne and makes the king the jester, whether he be a president or a mender of old shoes. She has the power to either make or break him by her actions. She can be the finest jewel or the hardest stone. By her embodied powers she may give a man ideals to lift him to higher summits, or she may scuttle

the ship of his life and sink him deep in the sea of sorrow and unhappiness. So it has always been, and so will it be forever. Here's to the women! We can't get along with them, and we can't get along without them.



## SEPTEMBER MOON

---

BILL JEKYLL, '25

---

September Moon,  
Oh why so soon  
To pass away; while the darkies croon  
O'er the banjo strings  
Of the golden sheaths that the Harvest Moon brings?

Hold your spell  
O'er mead and dell  
Where the golden rod and the thistle dwell;  
Or give once more  
Your molten glow  
To the land where the downy milkweeds grow.

Forget not yet  
How lovers met  
'Neath the golden beams and the silhouette—  
Nay! Idle Moon,  
But grant this boon  
And say not yet good-bye so soon.

## LIFE—THE HAPPY MEDIUM BEST

---

J. E. SMITH, '25

---

Life itself is uncertain, and this very fact makes it worth living. There can be no set rules for making a success out of one's life, but there are, no doubt, some fundamental principles that can be laid down which, if obeyed, will tend to make a life count for more than it would have otherwise.

There are two extremes in type to be encountered every day, those who take life too seriously and those who take it merely as a joke. We should not take our stand on either extremity if we would be happy, for there is danger in an extreme stand. No man has the right to consider himself the best in the world of men, for no one is indispensable in any place, except perhaps in the heart of one who loves him—and perhaps not wholly indispensable there.

We should remember that we are only an atom in the immense mass of humanity, and if we fall out of the race, we are not missed by very many of the beings that make up this mass of humanity. We are in this game of life for a short time, comparatively speaking, and another always stands ready to take our place regardless of whether we win or lose. On account of this fact, many have grown cynical and taken for their life motto, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Such a stand can bring only sorrow to the men who take it, for when they have come to die, they look back on their past life and see the many things both good and beautiful that they have missed by holding to such a selfish creed. Think you that a man can be happy who thinks he is the mainstay of the banking profession, the textile industry or any of the other great enterprises which go to make

up the world in which we live. This is the other extreme.

The mean between these two extremes is by far the wisest course to take if we would be assured of happiness during life. It is the most comfortable, and without a doubt, the most profitable path. Remember, tho, that this does not mean that we should shirk all responsibility. If we have responsibility placed upon us it means that we have been strong enough to take the responsibility. It does not mean that we are the only person in the world that could perform the duties to which we have been assigned, but it merely means that it is our duty to perform the duties without any hesitancy.

So, if we have not heretofore been piloting our frail bark on the sea of the happy medium, let us do so from now on, for only on this magic sea will we find true happiness.





# The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

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This issue of The Chronicle is the first for this session. It is not all that it should be, perhaps, but it is the very best possible with the time that we have had, and the help from the student body. We are going to publish the magazine on time each month, with the cooperation of the men who com-

pose the student body of Clemson. It is needless for me to go again into the reasons why you should support *The Chronicle* just as you do the football team, I have dwelt at length on that subject before, so I will content myself with the plea that you men give us the necessary help, and we will pledge ourselves to do our best to make this magazine the very best in the state. If we have made mistakes in this first issue, we ask that you remember the inexperience of the staff, and the difficulty of getting out the first issue of the year.

---

### A Protest

The South has ever been the home of certain traditions which, by their beauty and strength, have made our land famous. These traditions are the traditions, perhaps, that came from England with the Cavaliers long ago. Bravery, chivalry, reverence for all woman-kind, and purity were some of the ideals which were so interwoven in the lives of some of our great men, as to become a part of our traditions. They make a heritage that should be held sacred, we shall see whether or not it is.

There is, today, in our colleges the cream of young manhood of the South, and in our colleges are some practices which are causing the old traditions to be forgotten. Men are writing foot-notes to the very laws of life, and living by the foot-notes instead of the great principles.

Reverence for all woman-kind! I am glad that there are still some men, as many as ever perhaps, who hold to a single standard of moral purity, otherwise there would be just cause for alarm. "Petting parties," and similar practises are lowering men's ideals and cheapening love until it becomes almost a farce. Thanks to all-kind Provi-

dence, there are still many who do not indulge in such things. To these we must turn for recruits for the crusade against the many who are lowering ideals, and disregarding Southern traditions.

This is merely a protest against those practises which tend to cause a decadence of the traditions which we, as Southerners, hold dear. The good men are no fewer today than a century ago, but the men who have no ideals and no love for moral purity, are far more active, and unless all of the men on Right's side stand shoulder to shoulder and fight these degrading influences and their sponsors, the other order will assume control of the South that we all love.






---

### THE THOUSANDTH MAN.

---

One man in a thousand, Soloman says,  
 Will stick more close than a brother,  
 And it's worth while seeking him half your days  
 If you find him before the other.  
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend  
 On what the world sees in you,  
 But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend  
 With the whole world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show  
 Will settle the finding for 'ee.  
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go.  
 By your looks or your acts or your glory.  
 But if he finds you and you find him,  
 The rest of the world don't matter;  
 For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim  
 With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more talk  
Than he uses yours for his spendings;  
And laugh and meet in your daily walks  
As though there had been no lendings.  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call  
For silver and gold in their dealings;  
But the Thousandth Man—he's worth 'em all,  
Because you can show him your feelings.

His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right,  
In season or out of season.  
Stand up and back it in all men's sight—  
With that for your only reason!  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide  
The shame or mocking or laughter,  
But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side  
To the gallows-foot—and after.  
—Kipling.

---

Nine tailors can make a man, perhaps, but they  
can't make him pay.  
—Greenville News.

---

Nothing can make a flapper turn pale except  
being caught out in a hard rain without an umbrella.  
—Greenville News.

---

Here hath been dawning another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away.  
—Carlyle.

If Davis wins the West,  
The South will do the rest.  
—Piedmont.

---

It isn't man's vanity that makes him drop in  
the collection plate a clinking coin instead of a  
silent bill.

—Piedmont



## VAGRANCY

I've often wondered where they go,  
These little paths that wander so  
By hillside, pasture, water, tree,  
Without responsibility.

I know that if I followed them  
Across the meadow's beryl hem—  
That if I wandered as they do  
Along the drowsy lupines' blue—

That folk would talk and folk would frown:  
"When will he ever settle down?  
He leaves his work to dream and such;  
Poets do not amount to much!"

And so these paths are not for me  
Who have responsibility.  
I fear that I shall never know  
Where all the wandering pathways go.  
—The Overland Monthly.

---

Toothless, lantern-jawed, and bald,  
Bent and hobbling on two sticks,  
Helpless by his burning ricks  
Old Jake Jackson raged and called—  
Bawled and called in vain for help:  
All his hands were at the fair  
Junketing, and none was there  
To hear or heed his frantic yelps  
As he watched the thirsty flame  
Lapping up his golden wheat,  
Till at last the glare and heat  
His old senses overcame,  
And he flung away his sticks—  
Nimble as a two-year-old,  
Leapt into the roaring gold,  
And perished with his burning ricks.

When they came back from the fair,  
All in vain for him they called,  
Round the steading searched and bawled,  
Could not find him anywhere—  
Bawled and called for him in vain:  
Ricks and man were smouldering ash  
Sizzling in the sudden splash  
Of a burst of thunder-rain.  
Tho they raked the ashes through  
Of their master they found naught:  
So the coffin he had bought  
Second hand, as good as new,  
And beneath his bed had kept  
Was no bargain after all,  
And the grave-plot by the wall  
Right where his forefathers slept  
He'd long relented, wasted too!  
Not for him in clammy gloom  
To await the crack of doom  
Seeped and sodded through and through  
In the sour and wormy mould  
Where his outstripped kinsmen lie—  
He the first to reach the sky  
Charioted in fiery gold!

—The New Stateman (London).



### FAMOUS LAST WORDS

---

"I don't think it has croton oil in it."

"Why sure, we can beat that train to the crossing."

"I didn't know she was your wife."

"Sure sweetheart, I can drive with one hand."

"Shucks, this ain't nothing; it can make ninety per."

"Yes, hubby, that's brother Bill's hat and coat."

"Oh, this is painful."

---

Girl—"That cadet tried to kiss me."

Mother—"And what happened?"

Girl—"He kissed me."

---

Mr. Guard Room—"Why does a dog stick his tongue out when he runs?"

Miss Annex—"To balance his tail."

---

A big sharp rock in the country road.

Said the inner tube, "Well, I'll be blowed".

---

1st Kadet: "What's etiquette?"

2nd Kadet: "It's saying, 'No thank you', when you want to yell, 'Shoot 'er!' "

Rat (dignified): "Won't you join me in a hot dog?"

Soph: "Well, you get in and I'll see if there is room for me."

---

Rat: "Did you know that they're giving away something for nothing in the Commandant's office?"

Soph: "Naw; What is it?"

Rat: "Demerits."

A cadet wants but little here below

And when he's paid his debts

And bought a uniform or so,

We'll say that's all he gets.

---

Ikey and Izzy were separating after an evening together when Ikey said:

"Au revoir."

"Vot's dat?" asked Izzy.

"Dot's good by in French," said Ikey.

"Vell, said Izzy, "carbolic acid. Dot's good-bye in any language."

---

"Picture me," he cried, "in your arms", and then she "framed me".—Selected.

---

Doctor—"Have you taken every precaution to prevent the spread of contagion in your family?"

Rastus—"Abs-lutely, doctah, we've eben bought a sanitary cup, and we all drinks from it."—Selected.

---

She—"Don't you think he is a perfect fool?"

Dignified Soph.—"Not yet, dear; he's only a freshman."

---

The Tiger says: "Don't go around the campus with a fellow's girl unless you can go ten rounds with him."

Dap—"Mae is as pretty as a little doll, isn't she?"

Dapper—"Yeh. And if you try to hug her, she will probably cry, 'Mama' or 'Papa' ".  

---

"John, you can't! Please don't."

"Be quiet."

"But you're tearing my dress—"

Still vainly he tried to fasten that last hook.





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November  
1924

~~XXVIII~~  
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To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

Campbell



# *The* Chronicle



November  
1924

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## TAPERS

M. B. KIRTON, '25

---

Burns dimly a light in a garret  
    'Mid the cobwebs and dust of the past,  
Where the shadows that lurk in the rafters  
    Loom ever so silent, so vast . . . . .

And feebly burns ever a soul-taper—  
    Just an attic-light that glows in the heart,  
Casting softly its spell of enchantment  
    O'er memories so prone to depart.

And the Old Love that lurks in the heart-strings  
    With the lavender-scented dreams of the past,  
Wings back with its whispers and love vows  
    And looms ever so silent. . . .so vast. .



## FOOL'S GOLD

---

DICK WHITTINGTON, '25

---

Gold! What a world of meaning is contained in that one small word. Freedom and slavery, joy and sorrow, and even life and death are all a part of the picture that is conjured up by the one word. I see, in my fancy, the mad rush of men to the newly discovered gold fields; the struggle for possession of the precious metal; the hard glitter in the eyes of the men as they toil, day in and day out, to accumulate wealth—to garner it from the earth. Then I see them as they grow dissatisfied with their findings and rush madly to another field where more gold has been discovered, there to delve with renewed energy in a last attempt to wrest from the earth her store of gold.

This gold that men dig from the earth is valuable, once obtained, but there is another metal that men often mistake for the real and which proves valueless upon examination, leaving them to return to the fields to seek the real gold. This metal that is often mistaken for real gold is called “fool’s gold.”

We are ever seeking for the gold of life—the true happiness that is more valuable than all of the metal ever taken from the earth—but are prone to be led away from the true to the false. Many men spend years of their lives in securing a store of gold for the coming years only to find that they have a store of “fool’s gold” and that

there still lies, far below the surface, the prize for which they seek. Then, with weary, worn-out bodies, they turn to the new field and make one last effort to secure that for which they sought at first.

And what is life's "fool's gold"? Need you ask? Can you not look around you and see the flimsy baubles that men are grasping for gold, and see that these glittering trifles cannot last, and that they serve only to lead men from their search for gold? These trifles are numerous, false ideals, selfish pleasure, and the whole gamut of them, all summed up under the one head—selfish pleasure.

This, then, is the cause for the unrest of to-day. The youth of the world is engaged in hectic, frantic, search for "fool's gold," thinking that it is the lasting wealth which they will need in later years when youth is gone. Swiftly they burn out their bodies, destroy their vitality and then awaken to see around them the fragments of the prizes which they sought—the gaudy tinsel which they thought gold. They rush madly here and there in their search for pleasure, forgetful of the years when they will no longer be young and when they will have need of a store of true gold to maintain them in the evening of life. Day after day they increase their store of "fool's gold," until they are awakened, at last, to see how pitifully cheap is their store of fancied wealth.

The tragedy of this error is heart-rending.

Men will not see that their youth is the most valuable period of their life for service. They seem to think that their youth is to be spent in the vain pursuit of pleasure with never a thought of the future. They seek "fool's gold," and finally their wealth crumbles in their hands, leaving only sorrow as a reminder that it once existed. Then they are no longer young—no longer filled with the enthusiasm of youth, or fired by youth's ardor—and are faced with a long procession of years in which there is nothing but the work of seeking the store of wealth which they should have acquired in their youth.

Where, you ask, is the field where the true gold of life is mined? It is, I answer, in the hearts and lives of the men around us, and it is a field that is never exhausted, for each day the field is new and unexplored. Each day fresh treasures come to light to be gathered by the man who seeks aright.

And what is the true gold that constitutes life's greatest and most lasting wealth? It is the knowledge of tasks well done, the satisfaction that comes from giving yourself unstintedly to others, the pleasure that lies in helping a man up when he is down, and the feeling that comes from faithfully discharged duties. So, you seekers for gold, be very sure that you are storing up the true wealth, and not "fool's gold;" for in the decline of life you will have

need of much of life's real gold, and "fool's gold" will not then suffice.

"To dress, to call, to dine, to break

No canon of the social code,

The little laws that lacqueys make

The futile decalogue of mode,—

How many a soul for these things live

With pious passion, grave intent!

\* \* \* \* \*

And never ev'n in dreams has seen

The things that are more excellent!"



## NOVEMBER MOONLIGHT

---

FEBRUARY, '25

---

O'er the hills of Carolina  
Has spread a cool, clear calm  
The moon with all its beauty  
Is casting forth its charm.

The night is of November,  
Yet strange enough to say,  
That all it lacks of summer  
Is a girl who's far away.

This girl—she is my sweetheart,  
A lass with golden hair;  
With eyes of blue, and lips that smile  
And a way that makes her dear.

It is of her I think tonight  
As I gaze out o'er the hills;  
It is for her I long tonight  
As I feel each moonbeam's thrill.

Oh, girl of old Carolina,  
Wherever you may be,  
I wonder if you see this moon—  
If it makes you think of me?

Does it recall the memories  
That are to me so dear?  
A night in June, a brand new moon,  
A girl that's wondrous fair?



The night and moon have gone away,  
As moonlight nights e'er do  
But the girl, she's here to stay,  
For, dear, the girl is you.

So, Girl of old Carolina,  
Even though we're far apart  
Remember, dear one, that I love you,  
With each throbbing of my heart.

The secret is too good to keep, dear,  
And for fear you ne'er may see,  
I am trusting it to the moonbeams,  
To be giv'n to you for me.





A NEW SCENE IN THE POLITICAL  
DEBAUCHE

K. B. SANDERS, '25

The August shadows settled imperceptibly as the little car purred slowly along the broad highway. It was the end of a long, hot day, and the two men felt keen appreciation for the coolness of early twilight. The relief from a rush day at the office, toiling, perspiring hurrying, coupled with this cool ride of the evening gave them a soothing relaxation from work and private matters and left them time and inclination for the public matters of the moment.

"It appears that 'Judge' Poole will be elected again."

"Yes," spoke up Hart Shaffer, "I suppose Burgen hasn't got a chance; but I'd rather see that dunce Smith in the sheriff's office than to see that oily-talking, corrupt old scoundrel go in again."

"I'm half-a-mind to run against him myself," soliloquised Bill Stone; "but," he ended sheepishly, "I wouldn't have the chance of a shetland pony at a fox chase."

"Burgen is the man, Bill. He has character, he has ability, and folks know that when he says something he means business. But," he hesitated, "he'll never be elected; he can't make a speech—he can't come back at that oily talk of Poole's."

Bill nodded gravely. For a mile they remained silent, each with thoughts of his own stirring in his mind.

"Bill!" suddenly exploded Hart, "we've got to beat Poole; by George, I'm going to run for sheriff."

"You—."

"Yes. I don't want the job, but a whole lot more than that I don't want Poole."

\* \* \* \* \*

Hart Shaffer sat at his desk with a puzzled frown on his face. "I'm in pretty deep, Burgen." he soliloquised. "You see, I figured on dropping out of the race as soon as old Poole was eliminated and leave you a clear field; but since he was in the second race I couldn't drop, and now I'm sheriff of Delaware County after January first."

"Don't let that bother you," said Burgen kindly, giving Hart a slap on the shoulder. "The funny thing is I was running to get rid of 'Judge' Poole myself." But he added with a dry grin, "I'm afraid I wasn't making a hit with the Delaware County voters."

At this moment the door jerked open and a tousled-headed eager-faced young fellow fairly jumped inside.

"Ed! greeted Hart as he bounded up to meet his friend.

"Hart,—or Mr. Sheriff; Ha ha! Say, old man, I'm glad to see you. Last time—remember—at St. Mihiel. So **your'e** a successful politician, eh?"

"Yep, old scout; at least the papers say 'Judge' Poole won't be in the office after the first."

"But tell me, Hart, how did you beat that slick old cuss? I thought he had a life job."

"Aw, Ed, old Poole's out-of-date. We just had to tell folks how the case stood and, well—they did the rest."

"But," broke in Burgen who had been listening interestedly, Shaffer took old Poole plumb off his feet. 'Judge' thought he was playing with a boy during the first part of the campaign, and Hart let him think that way; but then he cut loose. He shot his facts so close and so hot that the old scoundrel couldn't say a word when he got up to speak right here at the county seat. Man, that had the effect at the polls. There you are; that's what did it. I'm glad Hart beat us both."

"Thanks, Burgen," returned Hart, "but I feel like a snowball in a frying pan; I haven't even got a deputy in sight yet, by George."

"Deputy!" shouted Ed jubilantly; "did you say you wanted a deputy? How about me?"

"You mean it, Ed?"

"I usually do, old fellow."

"Well, put it there, bud!," grinned Hart as he gripped his friend's hand as in a vise.

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## NIGHT FALL

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M. B. KIRTON, '25

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Down and down into a bottomless pit  
The eveing sun doth tumble. Down and down  
Through silent folds of enveloping dusk; and  
shedding,  
One by one, the feeble rays of hope.  
The heavens groan; the clouds shriek out in flares  
Of flashing colours, to fade away in sorrow.  
Raging gleams race back and forth from zone  
To zone, as though the cries of myriad foes  
Unknown did rend the vaults of heaven. They  
crumble,  
Fall, and cover deep the folds of earth  
In blackness. And creatures of darkness wail in  
terror.  
'Tis night!



## "CONSIDER THE LILY—"

L. R. BOOKER, '25

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By observing a crowd as they walk down a street, one can get many ideas of the different ways of life. Some in the crowd will be well-dressed and make an effort to see that their clothing is not soiled in any way. Some in the crowd will be dressed shabbily, and their manner will indicate that they do not care which way their lives may lead. In the crowd will be found people of all classes: The rich with their sense of propriety; the poor, who feel that they are the most unfortunate of individuals, and whose outlook on life offers only poverty and want. Children too will be found in the crowd—eager, young, and joyful children, too young to realize the responsibilities of life; careless and happy children, who laugh and play because they are not burdened with worry.

No one can tell how many hearts in that crowd are sad. One can only see the never-ending line of humanity as each person goes in pursuit of his separate goal. How indifferent to others they look! How totally unaware are they of those that surge about them. The tired look on a man's face shows that he has been close to his business. He is now on his way home to rest, if possible, that he may return the next day and go over the same work, going home more tired than before. The lines of sorrow on a woman's face tell that she perhaps has recently



lost a loved one. Oh! the appeal of that crowd. Oh! the seemingly indifferent manner in which they look at life. An automobile knocks a man down, and for a moment the crowd stops to gather around the scene of the accident, but it soon begins to move again. Like a mighty river it moves on, to where?

Suddenly there is a sound of child's voice; and the crowd stops to see a man pick up a very small boy, whose cry of joy on seeing his father seemed to grip the heart of the crowd. The crowd smiled and watched the scene then they looked guiltily into each others faces and move on. They are astonished that they stopped, and are surprised to find that they enjoyed the little scene enacted before them.

The trouble with that crowd is that it is always in search of something new. From day to day people have learned to live—only to expect something different to happen on the next day. Many people have now come to the point that excitement must be furnished them, or else there is no enjoyment in life for them. There is too much of the sensational in their lives. They live on sensationalism. Pick up a newspaper and it is filled with the news of divorces; with the details of a horrible murder; with other news, which fails to satisfy. There is no news in it that gives us the satisfaction of life; there is little news in the papers of today that makes us appreciate the people around us.



We need to recast ourselves. Our greatest need is a wholesome return to nature. The only way to keep ourselves properly balanced, is by getting close to nature. It is nature that offers us inspiration; it is nature that has given us all the beautiful ideas we have of life; it is nature—Gods earth—that can erase the lines of sorrow and tiredness from our faces and bring the smile of joy and thankfulness in their place. I speak of the sky as it curves gently over us like a huge inverted bowl of clearest blue. I speak of the sun and of the rain, as they give the essentials of life and flood the world with gladness. I speak of the tiny birds in the nest, in the spring time, and the bough as it sways in the gentle breeze; the rough bark of the tree, the insects, the smell of the ground as its sweetness arises to the nostrils; the wind as it croons thru the trees and sweeps over the fields. Turn back to nature to find in your life purity and joy! Back to nature, where we find peace and contentment for body and soul.

The great mass of mankind goes thru the world unrecorded; and practically unknown. A few are actors, but most play only a minor part. Yet, that should give us no sorrow. Get a touch of inspiration out of plain things. It is the plain things that bring joy into our lives. I see the small country village with its shade trees and few stores. See the houses as they cluster in a bunch around the church. There are no towering business houses; only plain

things. Yet one can find happiness there. No national leaders will be found in that village, yet the opinions of the people of the country and the village rule the world. Leaders are not always controllers of public opinion. Always public opinion is molded in small towns and in the homes of the plain people, in the realm of the commonplace. The farmers are the possessors of many of our finest ideals. This is because the farmer has lived close to nature all of his life, and has learned to appreciate the beautiful things of life. The farm boy is to be envied for being brought up in the open fields of nature. What a pleasure for him to fish, hunt, and romp thru the fields!

Nature is not confined to any locality. It is all around us. The sky, the sun, the rain, everything is apart of nature. The changing moods of nature is called weather. Contrary to what most people beleive, there is no bad weather. The rain, the snow, the frost, all are beautiful; all are wonderful—in their make up. Let a mighty storm sweep over the heavens. Does it not inspire you? Watch the lightniing as it flashes across the sky, revealing the surroundings brilliantly, and exposing trees and bushes like dark silhouettes. Feel the gentle sweep of the wind just before the storm breaks, as it comes bearing tiding of the approaching rain; the silence before the rain, and then the rain itself as it comes with a roar, cooling and refreshing the earth. See the lightning in all its brilliance;

hear the roar of the trees as the storm sweeps thru them; hear the distant roll of the thunder as it crashes across the sky. That is nature in all of its magnificence.

Many of you have seen the sunset, but how many have seen the sunrise? There is no more glorious sight than that which comes as one stands on a mountain top and watches the gentle breaking of the dawn. It inspires. One can see the first faint pink beams of the rising sun as they try to break thru the mist. As it grows brighter, one hears the sleepy birds begin to sing and the insects to chirp, all getting ready to welcome the dawn. The sun comes higher and the horizon gets still brighter. Suddenly the sun leaps into view like a mighty beacon of fire, and sends its beams across the sky, chasing darkness from the earth. A new day has been born.

Have you ever walked thru a forest without having a feeling of smallness? One cranes his neck to see the top of the great trees that raise their heights skyward. How mysterious it all seems; how awe-inspiring it is, as we realize our own littleness. Who can help feeling the power of the Great Unseen? Who can help feeling love for those great trees and all other of nature's adornments?

One may study astronomy all his life from a book, but unless he goes out and sees the stars at night, it will mean nothing to him. The best way to appreciate the stars, is to walk out

alone some night.

“Look into the heavens, and see;

And behold the stars, which are higher than thou.” Give your thought free rein, and love of nature will come through your mind—a mighty torrent that cannot be stopped. As one gazes up at the stars, one feels the omnipotent hand of a Being greater than he, and he can see nature revealed in all its glory.

Take the fields, pretty always; but in the spring nature has painted with a lavish hand. The flowers, the grass, everything has on its best for others to see. The fragrance of the flowers is like the very breath of life itself. We are conscious that we have had Wordsworth’s experience:

“In youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent,  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
Most pleased when most uneasy;  
But now my own delight I make,—  
My thirst from every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature’s love partake  
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

Poetry is the best means of bringing people back to nature. It is poetry that expresses the thoughts of our souls. To poetry we owe the keeping before us of the things we should appreciate—nature and the beautiful things of life. Read more poetry, not the mechanical kind written in a room by some one that never saw an open field, but that which has the spirit of life vibrating thru it, that which has the music



of the streams and the call of nature.

Let us cease the mad rush for excitement; stop in the wild dash for the sensational; Turn back toward nature and study it, if we wish to have hope, repose, and happiness. Turn toward nature to find the true joy of life without all the false pretenses of the artificial. Take an interest in those around you. Nature will fill all your days with joy, it will give to you the satisfaction that nothing else will. Back to nature and the realm of the commonplace.

Let us "consider the lily," look with understanding upon every phase of nature, conning the lesson found there, and then we may sing with Holmes in the "Chambered Nautilus."

"Build thee more stately mansions O, my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past,  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last  
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free;  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unrest-  
ing sea."

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### De'POSSUM HUNT.

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M. B. KIRTON, '25

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Der whirrin' music uv pa'trige wings,  
De whis'lin' flight uv er duve,  
Der yelp uv er pack on a rabbit's track,—  
De lure ob de hunt I love.



Ob all de sports uv country side,  
Ob all de chases free,  
Ef I ter nite mah choice 'ou'd cite;  
Er 'possum hunt 'twou'd be.

De 'possum's in der 'simmin tree;  
Er 'coon tracks 'round de pond.  
Der moon serene smil's on de scene—  
(Hear sum'un blo' dat horn----?----)

Den eager notes uf trailin' hounds  
Soun' full frum lusty thro'ts.  
Er prim'tive thrill,—de lube to kill,  
Am gaddered frum dere notes.

An' 't'rou' de stretch o' wooded slopes,  
O'er meny er hill en dale  
De dogs reach on, w'ile fur b'yon'  
De quarry tracks he trail.

Dere ain' no tellin' whar 'e's gwin  
Er how de dogs is track'd'm  
But by'm'bye 'e's perched up high  
Mos' run he'se'f d'stracted.

Wile des b'low er 'simmin branch  
Er Nigger shouts wid glee—  
Two shinin' eyes declare de prize,  
De 'possum's up de tree.

## THE PREACHER'S "LITTLE GIRL."

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J. M. DARBY, '25

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I wonder if the reader has ever attended church in a remote district? If so you are familiar with the whispers of the ladies, the noisy gossip of the men, and the silly giggle of the girls, and the other noises heard before the services.

On this particular day of which I write, there was more than the usual amount of excitement in the church. The old ladies bent together and whispered excitedly, and the girls smoothed their ribbons and pushed hair pins deeper into their heavy coils of hair. There was an air of expectancy pervading the congregation.

The cause? Why, they were expecting a new preacher. He was coming as a substitute for the regular pastor.

"They say he's a fine preacher," said a black bonneted old lady, "Yes, some of 'em said he was. Is he married?" queried one of the younger ladies. "No; but some says he is mortgaged to one of them hotel gals," answered another. And thus the new preacher was discussed from every standpoint.

In this community there was one family of refinement and culture, who held themselves above the petty gossip of the people, but were courteous to all with whom they came in contact. Sitting a little apart from the others were a lady and gentlemen of quiet dignified man-

ner, who would at once be recognized as belonging to the old set. Major and Mrs. Buford were respected and admired by all who knew them, and by none more than the humble people of this little church.

Near the organ sat a tall, graceful, and attractive young lady. She was the only daughter of Maj. and Mrs. Buford, and she was loved by old and young alike.

As Helen Buford listened to the conversation of the other ladies, her eyes sparkled with humor. If some one asked her to confirm some remark they had heard about the new preacher, she would always answer pleasantly. One girl asked her if the preacher was the ugliest man living. She laughed merrily and answered, "No, indeed, I have seen far uglier men than Mr. Jackson." "Why, do you know him, Miss Helen?" Exclaimed several girls in one breath. "Yes, I met him several years ago. He is very nice, and I am sure you will all like him very much."

"Well, do tell us," cried one of the young ladies; "is he ugly?" Helen laughed again and said, "why, I expect you will think so at first; but he has beautiful eyes, and when he becomes interested in anything, he appears handsome."

"Well, I guess he will get stuck on you, Miss Helen," said one of the old ladies. A shade of annoyance passed over the girl's face; then she answered brightly, "No, not I. I am papa's little girl, and too young to have young men."

notice me, certainly not one of Mr. Jackson's kind."

"Why he'd do mighty well to git you, I'm er thinkin'," added another.

At that Helen only smiled, and as if anxious not to continue the conversation, turned and busied herself with the hymn book.

Suddenly there was a rustle, and buzz of excitement ran over the church. Helen looked up to see the cause, and some one said in a strange whisper, "That's him, I know; ain't he ugly?"

Quietly advancing towards the church was a minster, judging by his coat and the Bible in his hand.

He was a gentleman of medium height with a firm step and square shoulders. His manner was that of one who had battled and conquered. True, at a glance, he would be considered ugly; but as he drew nearer, there was a light in his eyes and something about his whole person that at once dispelled the first impression.

There was a sudden hush in the church as Mr. Jackson walked quietly down the aisle. He bowed pleasantly to all, and advanced to the organ.

Helen rose and offered her hand, with a few simple dignified words of welcome. The old ladies watched this little act of courtesy with wonder, and nodded knowingly to each other.

Helen was the organist, and she played very sweetly. Presently the hymns were selected,



and the service was begun almost immediately.

Mr. Jackson was not eloquent, but he preached a simple, impressive sermon, telling of Christ's mercy and urging all, especially the young, to devote their lives to service for Christ.

After the services were over, Helen gracefully introduced Mr. Jackson to her parents and to other members of the church, and then, while the "new" preacher made himself agreeable to his "new flock," she moved toward the door, speaking pleasantly to all. Soon she was walking toward her house, unconscious of the many hints that the preacher was "smitten."

Fortunately, Helen was young, and walked briskly on, soon leaving the church and most of the congregation far behind her. She did not hear the rush of wheels nor the excited yells and screams of the people but was nearing her home, unconscious of the fearful accident which had occurred soon after she had left the church.

Being the first to reach home, Helen opened the doors and windows, allowing the cool, fresh air to pass through the house. After placing several large, comfortable chairs on the broad piazza, she sat down to rest. Long she waited for the other members of the family, but they did not come. In vain she tried to think they had stopped with a neighbor; she knew they would not stay so long—certainly not all of them, knowing she was alone, unless something had happened. At last, anxious and uneasy, she went to the end of the piazza and looked to-



ward the church. The sight that met her gaze would have made any woman's heart stand still. Coming toward the house were five or six men and Helen's mother. The men were carrying on a hastily constructed litter. Some one. Helen could not tell who, neither could she see her father. With a screen she ran to meet the little procession.

"Oh, mama, who is it? Is it papa?" She cried. "No, daughter, the preacher. Hush, dear. I will tell you later." Her fears for her father allayed, Helen became calm, and seemed to know just what was wanted. Hastily preparing a bed for the wounded man, she stood by, ever thoughtful and ready to help when and where needed.

"Papa, shall we call a physician?" "Yes, little girl, Dr. Jefferson. Tell him Mr. Jackson has been thrown from a buggy and is unconcious, and tell him to come at once." Helen went at once and delivered her father's message by telephone.

They did all that could be done, and then waited eagerly for the doctor. The doctor was only a few minutes in coming; but to those who watched the wounded man, it seemed hours. After careful examination the doctor said, "I do not find any broken bones but I do not like this unconscious state. Perhaps it is only caused by the shock, and may not be serious. Nurse him carefully and follow these directions. I will call again early to-morrow. "Looking around at the group about him, the doctor handed the directions and medicine to Helen, saying, "Keep him quiet."

"Watch him closely, little girl; and if he stirs, call me," said her father as he and the others passed out with the doctor.

All night the poor man lay unconscious, groaning and muttering deliriously. The news of the accident spread rapidly, and early the following day the kind neighbors began to come and offer any assistance needed. The doctor came early, but found no change. Still the patient lay unconscious.

Helen wrote to Mr. Jackson's parents explaining the accident and assuring them that every care would be taken of Mr. Jackson. Unconsciously she closed the letter with "Lovingly—Little Girl", adding her post office and route number. Without discovering that she had added her pet name to the letter, she gave it to the doctor to mail.

Helen was the only daughter in this home, and when she was a mere tot her father began calling her "Little Girl." When at school away from home she always called herself "Little Girl." Never having written many letters except to her parents, it is no wonder that Mr. Jackson's family smiled at the childish simplicity and earnestness of the letter she wrote them.

Mrs. Jackson wrote Helen, and addressed her as "My Dear Little Girl," thanked Helen and all for their kindness to her boy; begged to be notified if needed, and closed by asking Helen to be "a good Little Girl to her boy."

When asked by Helen what he wanted her to tell his mother, the minister answered, "Tell her I have a sweet little girl to nurse me and that I shall soon be well." Mr. Jackson im-

proved rapidly from that time and was soon well enough to be moved into the family room.

The neighbors never failed to come every day with kind words and tokens of sympathy. The old ladies watched Mr. Jackson as his eyes followed Helen, and they looked wise. They could not understand why Helen did not think of marriage as other girls did, but if such a thought entered her shapely little head no one ever knew it.

The time soon came when Mr. Jackson was well enough to go home. He begged Major and Mrs. Buford to allow "Little Girl" to accompany him and visit his mother and sisters. Maj. Buford consented, and Helen was happy anticipating the pleasure of visiting such people as she felt sure Mr. Jackson's family were. Mr. Jackson wrote his mother that "Little Girl" was coming home with him to visit his sisters and that they must try to give her a nice time.

Kind Mrs. Jackson was all in a flutter, the "Little Girl" was coming home with Sam, and they must fix up something that "little girls" like. She said, "Sam was always great for children, but somehow, I feel that this must be a dear little girl. Mamie, you must make up some cookies, and, Joe, you get some candy and goodies when you go to the station. Laura, you hunt up your dolls and toys. We must get everything ready; they will be here by five."

Mrs. Jackson urged Joe to take the carriage and cautioned him to put down the curtains so that they would not catch cold.

When the carriage stopped at the door, the curtains were down. Joe jumped down, and put up the curtains, and held out his hand to help Sam out of the carriage.

The dear old mother was so happy to see her son well again that she did not notice "Little Girl." Presently, Sam turned to Joe and said, "Help Little Girl out."

Joe turned to the carriage holding out both hands, and said, "Come on Little Girl, mother's waiting with lots of good things." Helen allowed Joe to help her out.

"Why Sam!" exclaimed his mother; "who is this? I thought the little girl was coming."

Helen smiled, and Joe laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. Sam looked puzzled. "Girls, get the dolls and pictures for the little girl, and here is some candy, dear," said mischievous Joe.

Mrs. Jackson found her tongue at last, and said, "my dear girl, we are glad to have you, indeed, but we thought you were a little girl." At that Joe broke out again: "O, Miss Buford, you don't know what you have missed by being a big girl! "Mother has gathered up all of our old toys, why, there's a goods box full up stairs in the little room."

Mr. Jackson had caught the joke by this time and had laughed himself hoarse. "I feel better than I have for weeks," he said, as his mirth subsided, "but I am ready for something more substantial than laughter."

"Oh, Mr. Sam! I forgot you were not well. What would Doctor Jefferson say if he knew how I had neglected his patient?"

"And to think," broke in the mother, "I thought you were a little girl. Why, you are taller than I."

"Well, I am glad you thought so. I feel now as if I had known you always and I must confess I dreaded the meeting a little."



Helen and Joe were fast friends from the time he so gallantly treated her to candy, but he could not look at her without laughing. "Little Girl" soon became a pet name for Helen here as well as in her own home.

\* \* \*

It was Helen's last evening with the Jackson's family, and she and Sam were in the old garden taking a "last look." They passed from one grand old beauty to another, silently admiring them all.

"What a lovely home you have, Mr. Sam. I have enjoyed my visit so much. It will be the longest chapter in my history," said Helen, as they passed in their walk under a large mimosa tree. It was a beautiful scene. The mimosa in full bloom, bending over the tall graceful girl, whose face was soft with admiration and happiness.

"Do you like it, and would you really like to live here?" he asked gently.

"I think it is the loveliest house I have ever seen, and I think any one would be proud of such a home," she replied, still gazing at the beauties around her.

"Then won't you let it be your home, Helen? Will you share it with me, and be my Little Girl?" he said tenderly.

She looked at him as if she were trying to grasp his meaning.

"Helen, I love you dearly—passionately, and want you to be my wife—my Little Girl. Don't you see?"

"Why—why—you can't mean that, Mr. Sam,



I am only a little girl. What would Papa think if he thought I was going to marry?"

"Helen, I know you are young, and I am willing to wait awhile, but tell me, do you love me—can you care for me a litte?"

"Yes, I do care for you," Helen replied, "I have loved you ever since you were lying unconscious of the little girl who nursed you."

"A dearer little nurse no man ever had," he said as he drew her fondly into his arms. "But you have been playing the woman too, haven't you? Who would have thought you could care for this old ugly fellow."

"Why, I didn't mean for them to know," said Helen, as Sam told Joe the good news.

"Well, Mother," said Joe, she is Sam's little girl, after all, but I claim a brother's right here and now," catching Helen in his arms and kissing her before she realizd what he was about.

"All right, sir, but you owe me a whole box of chocolates for that."

"And he shall pay it too," added the mother.

The news traveled fast and soon reached the neighborhood where Helen lived. The old ladies nodded and said, "I told you so," and the girls grieved to think "of pretty Miss Helen marrying an old ugly old preacher."

So the "Major's Little Girl" soon became the "Preacher's Little Girl," and was still loved by all who knew her.

## BUILDERS OF PYRAMIDS

M. B. KIRTON, '25

Cheops, the Great Pyramid, lifts itself skyward from the blistering sands of the centuries; while colourful caravans of desert beasts track their way slowly in and out between the dunes and on into the protection of its slanting shadow. Warm and glowing with the crimson tints of a sinking desert sun, its gigantic stone mass looms weird and awful with the hovering spirit of ancient lore. Far above the few gnarled trees that cringe at its feet, it lifts its peak to the skies. Strong and grand and solemn it stands,—called by men one of the seven ancient wonders of the world.

It is like unto the flash of burning powder that the ages have passed. From the time-worn pages of history is torn another picture. It is Cheops in its making. A jumble of stone and a horde of toiling workers. Like the ants of an ant-hill, the glistening black bodies of driven slaves move here and there in ceaseless drudgery. On and on they toil, and seemingly forever and ever. One by one the huge stones move into place; course by course the mass creeps higher and higher. Mercilessly they are forced to toil on, and on, while the torturing sun beats down on their half naked bodies. Here one staggers and drops in his tracks, and there another sinks under his load.—only to be lashed and goaded on—ever on. They move like human engines; their muscles bulge like knotted cords; while with the groaning of hudge levers Cheops grows ever up and upward. For it is out of this endless drudgery that a pyramid is builded.

The pyramid marks the life of a Pharaoh; and by its greatness is he judged. How strange to us now,—this story of the Pharaoh and the pyramid. How queer to us that a king should spend his whole life in the building of a single monument to his memory! But, yet, how true to life! Are we not building pyramids even to-day? Whether we shall live eternal in the eyes of men or fall into oblivion when the Grim Reaper calls, is of our own making. You too are a Pharaoh today with a pyramid to build.

Do you dream of its massive splendor, of its noble grandeur? In your colourful visions do you catch the ethereal glimpses of towering masses that rise awe-inspiringly through the haze of the blue and the clouds of the future, etched against the sky with myriad tints of many a rainbow wisp and the bubble-laden zephyrs of eternal hope? It is quite natural that you should. But remember that the inspiration, the zeal, and the fire of life are not all. If you would build, you must slave. Everything does not come to the man who waits. Only out of the drudgery of life, are the monuments builded. If you would achieve great things in life, you must be willing to toil shoulder to shoulder with the quarry-slaves of drudgery. Exert power, and power will be given in return.

“—Laurel crowns cleave to deserts

And power to him who power exerts;

Hast not thy share? On winged feet,

Lo! it rushes thee to meet;

And all that nature made thy own,

Floating in air or pent in stone,

Will rive the hills and swim the sea

And like thy shadows, follow thee.”

Which shall it be—“Floating in air or pent in stone”!




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### MATERIAL

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Due to circumstances with which everyone is only too familiar, there was no October issue of the Chronicle, and the same circumstances have made the publication of this issue extremely difficult. Time and time again, appeals for more material have been made, and as often as made they have, apparently, been ignored or forgotten. This ought not to be. With so large a student body we should have an abundance of material every month, and with selections from this material we would have one of the best college publications in the state. Once more I appeal to you men to show your loyalty to your college magazine by doing your best to write something for the next issue.



## KEEPING FIT

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There are many ways of keeping one's self physically fit and mentally awake, but I have never found one that excelled hiking. All around us here at Clemson, lie hills that challenge a man to come out into the fresh air and refresh his body and mind by taking a long hike across the floor of nature's great gymnasium. Physical sluggishness often causes mental incapability, and there is no excuse for either when there are so many ways of keeping the body fit and the mind awake. If the man who has time to spare, will devote it to hiking he will profit greatly by his efforts both mentally and physically.

---

## WHAT IS WRONG?

---

Here at Clemson, there is a gulf between the faculty and the students that should not exist. It has been here a long time and promises to be here for a long time to come unless something is done to bridge or remove it. This spirit of isolation has thrived and grown in the student body, often causing trouble that would not otherwise have occurred. The men on the faculty have been chosen on account of their ability to fill their positions, and from these men we should be able to get a great many facts, percepts and inspiration that are not included in the text books—facts and lessons that come from

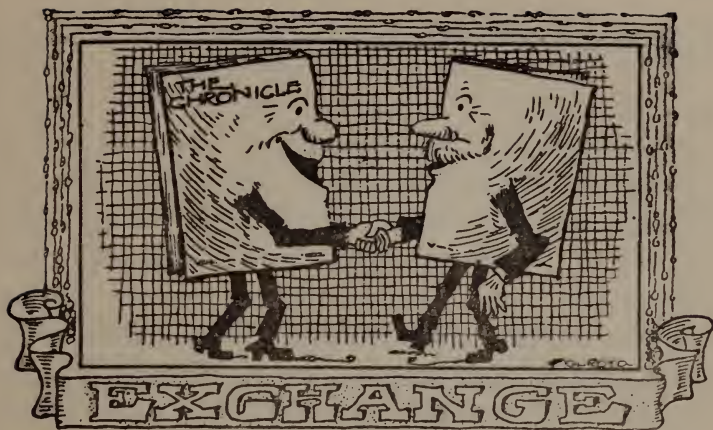


men of experience, men who have been along the same road that we are traveling. Let us forget this old spirit of estrangement, and try to narrow the gulf that lies between the faculty and the student body, and, I am sure that we shall derive great good from so doing.

---

### WHY NOT?

As every one knows, there has been entirely too much excitement around here for the publication of a magazine. Noise and excitement do not induce men to write, and this is the primary reason why we have been unable to publish more than one issue of *The Chronicle* so far this year. However, peace has been restored to our midst at last and we have begun again the endless work that is ever attached to magazine editing and publishing. Now, for the purpose of arousing the interest that is lying dormant, we have decided to stage a contest each month, with real money as the prizes. This contest has already been announced, and everyone knows the rules. I wish to implore all of you men to try yourselves out and attempt to write an article for the *Chronicle*. We need your aid, and expect it. So do your very best to write something for the next issue of our magazine, and who knows but that you may win one of the prizes that are to be given at the end of the month.



E. C. STEWART, Editor

We, of the Chronicle exchange department, welcome all criticism, both favorable and unfavorable, and are glad to receive the magazines of other colleges. There can be no growth, unless there is, first, criticism. So, we welcome constructive criticism from all of our contemporaries, and shall employ all of our ability in the writing of our criticisms.

### THE EROTHERSIAN.

The first great big criticism that we make of this publication is that there are many advertisements. Of course we realize that ads. Make the paper pay for itself, but too many of them ruin what would otherwise be a good issue of the magazine. Then too, there should not be any advertisements in the front before the reading matter, in a college magazine. But enough of that. "Tapestry," as a short story is rather unusual in

plot, and is well developed from first to last lines. The writer showed care in the selection of words, and the result is a well written article. This is the outstanding short story, but the others are worthy of mention. Miss. Rice evidently employed a great deal of time in the writing of her appreciation of "A Local Colorist Of the Southern Highlands," and we compliment her on the production of an appreciation that is well worth reading. The poetry of "The Erothesian" is well written on the whole. All of it however, is written in the free verse style, making it a little too same. "Morning Glories In the Corn" is very picturesque, and refreshing. "The Lost Message" is well written, but a little overdrawn.

---

### THE EMORY COLLEGE PHOENIX.

To criticize this magazine is much too great an undertaking for an ordinary exchange writer, so we will content ourselves with saying that it is far above the average college magazine, and is the most worthwhile exchange that has come to our desk.

## Clippings and Comments

---

A full white moon and a brimming tide;  
Oh the surge of the waters for me!  
For the winds are swift and the long waves lift,  
And I sing a song to the sea!

I sing a song of the wintry sea  
While the wind hums in the sail:  
We burst in glee from a quiet lee,  
And spin in the freshening gale.

We sail and we sail till the storm is loud;  
But never a thought have we  
But to hold the keel with a steady wheel  
And master the surging sea!

—Overland Monthly.

---

From "The Wishing-Caps"  
Life's all getting and giving,  
I've only myself to give.  
What shall I do for a living?  
I've only one life to live.  
End it? I'll not find another.  
Spend it? But how shall I best?  
Sure the wise plan is to live like a man  
And luck may look after the rest!

—Kipling.



Said Captain Robert Dollar, dean of American shipping men, and, for all we know, of the world at large, in a recent interview given to newspaper men in New York City:

"What impressed me most on a globe circling tour was the number of young men I saw holding soft jobs, dodging work. They may always hold them, but they'll never get any further. There is an opening in this world for the man who goes at his tasks with a will. That applies not only to this country but to every other one as well.

"Man was put on this earth to work and I'll be darned if he was put here to play golf.

"Perhaps I'll smoke when I get older. I have too much work to care of at the present time.

"Know the Success Family!

The Father of Success is WORK

The Mother of Success is Ambition.

The Oldest Son is Common Sense.

Some of the Other Boys are

Perseverence, Honesty,

Thoroughness, Foresight,

Enthusiasm and Co-operation!

The Oldest Daughtter is Character.

Some of her Sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Care, Economy, Sincerty and Harmony.

The Baby is Opportuntiy.

Get well acquainted with the Old Man and you will get along pretty well with the rest of the famiy."

—Commerce and Finance.



### No Joque.

---

Congressman Guy Hardy of Colorado has a faded old clipping in his possession about the difficulties of a pioneer newspaper out in his country, which reads: "We begin the publication of the Roccay Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphphiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phailed to send us any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephour we can any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamiliees, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphair."

—National Republican.





## FISHY

"The other day I went fishing and caught one of those great big fish—let's see, what is it you call them?"

"O, you mean a whale."

"No, that couldn't have been it; I was using whales for bait.—Pitt Panhter.

---

 SNAPPY SNIPPING

Victim—Cut the whole three short.

Barber—What three?

Victim—Hair, whiskers and chatter.

---

I'm sore at Bill

And I'm going to give him the "Can."

We stood right under the mistletoe

And he nearly held my hand.

—Carnegie Puppet.

---

If you see seven passengers in a two-seated car  
you know that you are in a college town.

Some men marry for money and others are merely careless.—Missouri Outlaw.

---

Geology Prof.—Give me the name of the largest diamond?

Student—The ace. —Notrte Dame Juggler.

---

Young Thing (at dairy)—And what are those little things projecting from the animals head?

Cadet—Horns.

Young Thing—(after cow had mooed—"Oo! which one is she tooting now?"

We sympathize with the absent-minded professor who brushed the cat's teeth and then kicked himself out of the back door!

---

Helen—Who were you out with last night, Mabel?

Mabel—My aunt.

Helen—Well, tell your aunt he ought to shave.  
—Yale Record.

---

#### PRECAUTION

We two were wed

A year ago—

Love at first sight,

I'd have you know.

But this I say,

Upon the book,

He's wise who takes

A second look.

## EVER MEET HIM!

Let poets sing their song  
And gaily smite the lyre;  
Give me the man who whistles while  
He's putting on a tire.

---

Eve (in the garden—Heavens, Adam, what has caused that awful rash on your back?

Adam (painfully—That new shirt you made for me, dear. I do wish you'd learn the difference between poison ivy and oak leaves.

---

Prof.—What is the next element you are going to analyze for me?

Cadet—I know it, sir, it's on the tip of my tongue.

Prof.—Well, don't swallow it; its arsenic.

---

Hostess—Are you looking for any particular girl?

Young Man—We-e-ell, not too particular!

---

## FOOLISH QUESTION 999,999

Henry—Gracious, your mudguard is all smashed! Did you bump into something?

Dodge—No, of course not. We were standing perfectly still, and a fireplug skidded right into us.—Punch Bowl.

---

Some girls are so thin that if they sat on a dollar, ninety cents of it would show.

## PERSONAL

In Biology—Where do bugs go in winter?  
Stude (absent-mindedly)—Search me.

---

## THIS IS POETRY

Under the shedding spressnut tree  
Even as you and I,  
With a hunk of bunk  
And a chunk of junk  
Youre a better man that I am—  
Old Black Joe!

—Yellow Jacket.





**See Judge Keller**  
FOR  
**WALK-OVER SHOES, ARMY OR DRESS**  
TIGER-HEAD PENANTS  
TIGER-HEAD BELTS  
TAILOR-MADE CLOTHES  
All Articles that Cadets Need

---

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"Next Door to the Bank"

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A FULL LINE OF FRUITS AND CANDIES  
ALSO COLD DRINKS

---

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# The Chronicle



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## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS—A SONNET

R. H. SMITH, '25

---

*Long years ago, one glorious star-lit night,  
There came to earth a strange and Holy sight.  
For, from the heavens that hovered high above,  
A Babe came down to visit earth with Love.  
Wise men came there and worshipped at His feet,  
And brought Him gifts with beauty rare replete  
That by their gifts all men may see and know  
Their Christ lay 'neath the star that hovered low.  
So, through the years that since have passed away,  
All earth holds still the beauty of this day;  
And Love and Cheer come now to hearts of men  
As came to Bethelchem the awed and reverent men.*

*So now this glorious spirit of Christmastide  
Brings thoughts of Christ, who for the whole world died.*

## CHRISTMAS EVE

K. B. SANDERS, '25

---

The man slouched down in the battered old leather rocker with his face half covered in his hands, while the fire glowed and crackled—now lighting up every feature of the low, simple, cozy room, now sending flickering shadows over its brown-tinted walls. On the table lay an unopened book, and beside it a cigar, untouched. The Man was tired; it had been a long day of drudgery, and his drooping head seemed to be ample evidence that he was asleep—but he was not asleep.

In October, the Man had first entered this room. He brought his leather rocker, his reading table, and his thirteen volumes—old friends—and had purchased such other necessities as were required to make the place a home. But he was seldom at home in the daytime; he worked in the great building at the end of the street.

His work had been new to him, and dull, and uninteresting. Coming so recently from a college where he had taught for a year after his graduation, the field of actual work had been stimulant to him at first but as the weeks passed it became a bore. He could not enter into the spirit of the work; he could not get the “hang” of it at all; he could not glimpse the vision of accomplishment, which we all must have if we would reach the star which we have chosen for our goal. In short, he was not a friend to his work.

It was Christmas Eve. The Man had wondered if he would get a vacation, but he had not dared to ask for one, and only yesterday he had learned that the firm would take only one day holiday. For him it meant that he could not make the long trip home, for the Christmas gathering and dinner. Christmas away from home! His first ever in his recollection. Ay, it was hard, and he was tired of body and depressed in spirit—a dangerous combination.

The closed book on the table represented his effort to “buck up,” and his failure. That little treasure had brought him out of the slumps many times before, but tonight “Brown’s Brown Study” with all of its optimism had failed to drive away the overpowering forces of dissatisfaction and disappointment. The flickerings of the fire lighted, occasionally, the crumpled form in the rocker. From appearances, one would have guessed that the Man had been through some recent sorrow. For why should one be sad on Christmas Eve?

\* \* \*

The Man stirred and brushed the hair back from his forehead. Then for a long time he gazed into the depths of the glowing heap of coals. Finally he rose and stirred the fire, and stood before it with his hands behind his back enjoying the gentle warmth of it. He looked into the dark corners of the room, and let his mind go back to the dark corners of his memory. Old Charlie! Yes, good old Charlie had remembered him on Christmas Eve. He brought out from

an inside pocket, a simple little Christmas card, with a simple little Christmas verse on it, and on the other side a scrawled, "Merry Christmas, old chap—Charlie."

His eye wandered over to the adjacent shelf and rested on one photograph there. Old Charlie! he had spent last Christmas with him. Ah, what good times they had had—all the laughter and bantering and sport—dinners and tramps and hunts. Seven of the old gang had been there. The Man's eye wandered over the other faces (to right and left of Charlie's). There were nine in all, seven young and boyish faces, and one of a middle aged lady, the other of a very young, sweet faced girl—all of these were bound up in last Christmas recollection.

Wonder if old Charlie had written to them too? Certainly to the elder lady; they had all promised to do that for all to write to each other. Suddenly it dawned on him that he had not done that; he doubted that some of them even knew his address. Why not write to them now; nothing else to do this gloomy evening. But he hated to write a gloomy letter. He opened a volume from the lower shelf and glanced over the pages, half decided to dare the thirteenth chapter. He ought to—his work—but he shoved it back among its comrades and turned resolutely to rummage through his letter box. He would write those letters.

Charlie first. "Dear Charlie"—what would he say? Starting was painful. He finally began and kept going. His cheek glowed as he sealed it up. And one by one he wrote to the old fel-



lows. His thoughts fairly flew once he had got thoroughly started—old reminiscences, work, and speculations as to next year's fortune. And he wrote to the old lady then and, finally, to the young lady.

The Man got up abruptly and poked at the fire, and grinned at the ceiling. "By George! I'll mail 'em tonight", he said aloud, and went over to the closet to get his overcoat and hat.

As the bundled figure passed the corner, the Man involuntarily gave a "Merry Christmas" to the bluecoat there, and got in return, "Same to you, Mister." The Man walked briskly on, drawing in the keen night air with a great appreciation that he had not felt before for months. Pity there was no moon, he thought. But what did he care, it was good to be alive and out in the night.

He turned in at the telegraph office. The operator was a likable chap. He had stopped in several times before and chatted with him when the instruments were idle. But business was rushing tonight. He looked on casually for a few minutes, and decided not to bother the busy operator. The operator, however, turned at the sound of his shuffle, and called out, "Say, pardner, I have one for you." The Man grasped the paper eagerly, almost fearfully, and scanned it. Then he broke out, "Listen here kid: 'Coming tonight. Meant to surprise you. Missed train in Atlanta. Meet 10:20. Mother.' See you later, old chap."

And the Man dashed out to the station—a mile away and only five minutes before his mother's train.



## O SILVER STAR

*M. B. KIRTON, '25*

*O Star of the happy Yule-tide night,  
Shine forth in the heavens above,  
And fill the year with Christmas cheer,  
And hearts, with joy and love.*

*'Mid Mistletoe and Holly-bush  
Glad tidings of peace impart.  
O Thou above, a shaft of love  
Implant in each earthly heart.*

*O Star of Ancient Bethlehem,  
O Star of the Holy Night,  
Shed once again in the hearts of men  
The hope of the silver light.*



## “PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN”

---

L. R. BOOKER, '25

It was a typical winter night. For several days low overhanging clouds had dripped rain and had spread gloom everywhere. The lights of the streets shone dimly thru the mist. Clouds of fog were beginning to roll over the city. The damp cold was penetrating and the few people on the street were hurrying home to their firesides. Automobiles proceeded slowly down the wet street, cautious lest they skid. When the traffic became jammed, those who had to wait, blew their horns, impatiently to be on their way.

The fog rolled in thicker under the intermittent blasts of a cold wind that chilled even thru a heavy overcoat. The few shoppers left on the street bent their bodies forward, holding umbrellas in front for protection against the wind and mist. When collisions occurred—and they were frequent—a mumbled apology was exchanged and then on as before. It was Christmas Eve, but there were no signs of joy nor the usual gaiety that ordinarily marked such a day.

Leaning against a building was a young man. People in passing, had looked because the man was dressed seemingly with little regard to the weather. A thin coat was buttoned tightly around him; the collar was turned up around his neck to offer such protection as it could. A felt hat that had

seen better days was pulled low over his forehead, while, with hands in his pockets, the man looked out from beneath the brim, at apparently nothing. In the faint rays of light that reached the man's face, one could discern little but the bitterness that was expressed there. Bitterer still was the heart within. Thru it there beat distrust, rebellion, and hatred for all that life offered.

People looked at him and then turned away, showing by their action that they did not care to have anything to do with such an individual, and as if afraid that the man would ask them for money, they looked away and passed him with an air of indifference.

"All right you there. Move on." It was the voice of a policeman. The man started slowly down the street, his lips twitching and his mouth twisted in a sneer as he derided and cursed everything in life. It was ever that way. No one offering to help, but only interested in pushing him further into the mire of despair.

"And tomorrow is Christmas" mused the man as he moved on. "The Lord's birthday, but what does that mean to me? Why should I care for anyone's birthday? Life doesn't mean anything to me. I may as well be dead for all the world cares. If they are so full of Christmas cheer, why don't they offer to help me. Christmas? I do not care for it nor want to care for it. It means little to me."

At his last boarding house, Tom Statler—for that was the man's name—had been known as "the man that never smiled." Tom now recalled

why name had been given him. It even brought a half smile to his face as it came back to his memory. For days in and days out he had tried to get work, but only rebuff met every effort. His clothes soon became shabby, and, not having money to buy more, his appearance soon became such that he was not even given an interview by anyone that might possibly, under other circumstances, have given him work. It had not taken Tom long to sink into despondency and each day that passed had found him more and more so. After despondency there came contempt and hate, which soon left bitterness and indifference. "No wonder," he mused, "I have been given such a name," and in his heart he made the promise to live up to the soubriquet that had been given him.

The fog was now so thick that Tom could see only a short distance in front. His body was shaking with cold. With a movement that had become a habit, he pulled the thin coat tighter and slouched over as if to make his body as small as possible, so that there wouldn't be as much to get cold. Coming to a corner, he stopped to rest against a window before crossing.

It was there that J. Arthur Newton found him half frozen to death. Arthur Newton was a rich man, not only in a pecuniary sense, but also rich in a warm sympathetic heart. Many men who had been down and out owed a new start and hope in life to Arthur Newton. On the door of his office in the large manufacturing plant that he owned, there was no word "Private" written



across the frosted panel after his name. He was never too busy to help anyone that needed help, and was at all times ready and willing to aid.

Newton had followed a fancy and had braved the weather just to walk up and down the streets to get the Christmas spirit. That is why he found Tom Statler. Seeing that Tom was in a sad plight, he telephoned his chauffeur to bring his car around.

So it was that Tom found himself coming back to his full senses before a warm fire that seemed to glow with kindness. Across from him sat Newton, a middle aged man with gray hairs around his temples. His eyes were regarding Tom with interest. Tom faintly remembered how he had come to be there, and it all seemed to be somewhat of a dream to him.

"You will have some hot soup soon," said the kind man smilingly, "and after that something more substantial, for I presume you are hungry."

Tom muttered something from between his teeth and looked around the room. "Cozy and warm," he observed; then with a sigh, he leaned back in his chair. The man continued to smile as he watched Tom. What he saw was a young man, shabbily dressed, with an indifferent expression on his face. The features were well formed and showed intelligence. The gray eyes had a rather sullen look in them. Newton knew that the man he was regarding was not a criminal for there was nothing about Tom that denoted a criminal. Newton reasoned that he was a man



who had apparently had some hard knocks in the world.

The soup was brought, and Tom ate it slowly but did not offer to engage in conversation with the man that sat opposite him. Newton, however, talked, and told how on the morrow he was going to another city to see his son who was married and had a family. "My wife is already there," he said. "I should have gone today, but decided to wait."

More things to eat were brought in and Tom ate hungrily. His spirit was changing under the warm glow of the fire, and the hot coffee had invigorated him. Under the skillful questioning of Newton, Tom told his story. At first he told it in a hesitating way, but as he progressed he spoke more rapidly. Into his tone there crept bitterness, and the narration was punctuated with frequent sarcastic comments on life.

When he finished, he leaned forward and put his head in his hands. "It is no use," he said, "No use at all. Why did you bring me here? Why didn't you leave me to die?"

Newton had listened to the story intently and had noticed the bitterness that had crept into Tom's tone. He felt great pity for the young man for he saw that Tom had been an unfortunate victim of circumstances. Arising, he walked over to Tom and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"That is all right, my boy," he said kindly. "Forget the past, and luck to the future."

J. Arthur Newton talked and showed to Tom what a grand thing was life and pictured one's

obligations to life; he told of all the sorrows and the hardships, the struggles and temptations, the grandeur and glory of it. "Fight it like a man. Life doesn't owe you anything, but you owe something to life. Sometimes the kicks may seem hard but fight back and you will make good."

Tom listened, and he felt himself changing, though there was still rebellion against life beating in his heart.

Newton continued. "I want you to stay here tonight and tomorrow. After I get back I will give you work and a chance. Be happy tomorrow, for it is Christmas."

"Christmas," and Tom's voice was a whisper. Christmas, and what does that mean to me?"

"It should mean a great deal to you," replied Newton. "It is the day when everyone is supposed to forget his sorrows and give himself over to joy. Don't you remember the angels singing, 'peace on earth and good will toward men'?"

"No, no, I don't remember. I don't want to remember. It means nothing to me."

"That is all right, my boy, just sit here and think it over. I will be back in a minute or two," and saying this, Newton left the room.

For awhile Tom sat and looked steadily into the fire. Thoughts rushed thru his mind. "It's no use. I can't do it. It is too late. I must go," and he arose.

He left the house guiltily, for he felt like a criminal. He wondered what Newton would think, but he put all thoughts of going back out of his mind.

The outside was cold, bitterly so, but Tom buttoned his coat tightly and walked aimlessly. He had no definite place to go and only walked to keep moving. How far he walked he did not know, and tho the fog was still thick and heavy, he knew he must be in the lower end of the city, for he recognized a building now and then.

Far to the front he could see a street light flickering thru the fog. As he came nearer he recognized the bridge that crossed the river which flowed thru the city. As he passed onto the bridge he could distinguish but little, for the fog was heavier arising from the river. He could hear the noise of the river as the water swirled and splashed against the foundation of the bridge. As he neared the other side of the river, he thought he heard a voice. It sounded like someone sobbing. He looked up and saw a figure climbing up on the rail of the bridge, and without taking time to think he grasped it firmly.

"Oh let me go, I must go," she sobbed, but still Tom held her.

"No", he said, "you must'nt go. I will not let you go. You are too young and besides tomorrow is Christmas."

"Christmas? Christmas? And what does it mean to me but more pain and sorrow?" the girl asked.

Then Tom found himself talking to the girl as Newton had talked to him. It was a new experience for him, and he felt a change coming over himself. He felt a new life as he talked to the girl, a new determination, a new joy that told him

there was hope; and life seemed to take on a different aspect. He felt himself being made over, and he gloried in it as he talked.

The girl listened and believed. Though Tom could see her but faintly, he thought that she must indeed be beautiful. "Come," he said as he felt the girl shiver with the cold. "I know someone who will help both you and me."

The clock in the city hall tolled the hour of two.

"Listen," said Tom, "It is already Christmas." Unconsciously he looked up. The wind had risen and was driving the fog away. Thru the dim mist he could see the flickering stars. "Look up. It is clearing for Christmas Day, and what was that Newton said? Oh yes, 'peace on earth and good will toward men! It is true, it must be.'" He led the girl away.

\* \* \* \*

A year had passed and it was Christmas Eve again. The house was lighted brightly. The room was cozy and warm; the glow of the fire seemed to send out rays of happiness. Directly in front of the fire sat a young man and girl. The girl was beautiful and perfect happiness shone from her face. The man took the girl's hands in his own, and patted them gently. The girl laid her head on the man's shoulder, while both continued to look into the fire.

Tom had courted Joyce Selden since the day he met her, and now that he had obtained her promise, he was living in the utmost happiness.

Tom broke the spell. "Joy", he said. "I have just been thinking of the past year and what it



has meant to me. To Mr. Newton I owe everything. You know how he gave me that job and how he has steadily advanced me, and is always giving me new opportunities until now I am in a position that enables me to claim you as my own."

"Yes", said Joyce, "and I too owe him a great deal for helping me to find my aunt, who in turn has been like a mother to me."

Tom continued to hold her hand, and spoke smilingly. "Joy, are you sure that you love me, and are you willing to marry me tomorrow like you said you were?"

"Of course Tom, dear", and Joy looked into his eyes as she spoke, "I love you, I need you."

Tom kissed her gently. "It is a great old world", he said. "And listen Joy isn't that music?"

"Yes Tom, and it is so beautiful and true too."

Outside a group of singers were passing down the street. Their voices were lifted high in the anthem, "Peace on earth and good will toward men.'





## A CHRISTMAS SONG

F. B. LEITZSEY, '26.

*Sweetest flowers of the Spring-time  
Soon must die and pass away,  
Snowy clouds so white in daytime  
Darker turn at end of day;  
Pleasures rise and pleasures faller,  
Great deeds, oft, are very small;  
One wish time can never alter,  
"Merry Christmas, to you-all."*

*Tender words may often perish  
Till no more they thrill the heart.  
Loving thoughts that we all cherish,  
From our souls are torn apart.  
Deeds of kindness aimed sincerely,  
Strike the heart, rebound and fall,  
One refrain we all love dearly,  
"Merry Christmas, to you-all."*

## RUDY FINDS HIMSELF

"DOC", '26

Ti-di-um-boomp! te-ah-te-ah!"—the martial strains of "The Carrollton" rang out over Bowman Field, as the Clemson College cadet band passed by in review at the head of the battalion.

"That trombone section looks mighty small to-day," remarked Colonel Bolton to a cadet officer standing at his side.

"It certainly does," replied regimental sergeant Tom Boyles. "Three out of the four regular players are laid up with their arms on account of the typhoid inoculation yesterday, Guest being the only one in condition to play."

"He's making plenty of noise for one man, all right!" said Colonel Bolton. "By George! If he could only handle his solos, I believe he could easily relieve two of the other boys."

"That's his worst trouble, Colonel," replied Boyles. "He falls down on the job whenever he has to take the lead. I've heard his captain speak of him, and he says that it seems to be a weakness that he can't overcome."

Rudyard Guest, commonly known as "Rudy" among his friends, was a stalwart youth, and in his snappy field uniform he presented a picture of military perfection. At his lips, the long graceful lines of a "Conn" trombone, guided by Rudy's hand, seemed to the eye of the casual observer, to move with lightning-like precision and accuracy. And so it did, because this lad was rated as one of the **best trombonists in the cadet band.**

"Ti-de-um-ti-taah-tit-tit—Crash! The ceaseless melody of the cornets and reeds snapped off, as

the cymbal gave the signal for a trombone solo. But the solo never came, for Rudys arm, after a brief sputter from his horn, had ceased woking, and a frightened look spread over his face.

\* \* \*

After the parade, while Rudy was washing up for dinner, Buck Pain,, captain of the band, walked into the wash-room, and called him to one side.

"See here, Guest! This is the third time this year that you have messed things up on parade. To-day the Colonel called me up, and told me that it must not happen again, or he would be forced to drop you from the band. Really, old boy, I can't see how it is that you can play so well with a crowd, and yet when the time comes for you to carry a part alone, you always fail!"

"Neither can I, Buck," said Rudy. "Somehow, whenever I know that a great deal is depending on me, I seem to lose my head, and my mind and hands refuse to act. I've been that way since I was a kid, and I don't seem to be able to break myself of the trouble." At this point, their conversation was interrupted by mess-call, and both hurried out to meet formation.

After dinner, while Rudy was searching for a book, preparatory to going to class, his door swung open, and in walked a boy about his own age, but slightly smaller in stature.

"What you doin' tonight, Rudy?" he panted, pausing for breath after his long climb up the double flight of stairs that led to Rudy's room.

"Nothing special, Dinky, as far as I know now. What's on your mind?"

By this time Dinky, as the boys called Carlton, had regained his breath, and throwing one leg over a chair, he went on, "Well, my Sunday-School class is giving a picnic tonight, and as each member is allowed to ask another person, I'm inviting you to go with me. We're going to have a great time, with plenty of girls and lots to eat—and Betsy will be there too, because I told her that I was going to invite you."

A smile lit up Rudy's face at the thought of a little relaxation from the strenuous duties of barracks life, and he reached over and grasped his friend's hand.

"Put her there, big boy! I'll come sure, and thanks for asking me." At this point, the sound of first call for class warned both boys that they must hurry, and they went out of the room together.

The afternoon class was destined to be hard on Rudy. It was differential calculus, his hardest subject, and the first news that he heard on his arrival in the classroom, was that Major Margrot was giving one of his famous impromptu tests, from which he determined all his grades. Rudy's heart sank. To him a test was bad enough when he was notified in advance, and now the first thought that entered his head was, "I can't." And considering the fact that his daily average hovered only slightly above the passing mark, it was a tragic decision, as far as his grade was concerned.

"Mr. Guest, I would like to see you for a few minutes after class," called out Professor Margrot, at the close of the period. When the room



was empty, he began: "Mr. Guest, I suppose you realize that you have barely a passing average on this subject. I presume you would like to pass, but I don't see how you are going to do it if you don't show up better on these tests that I give you. I cannot complain of your daily recitations, because they are very satisfactory, but I can't understand why you fall down on my tests. I know you can do the work, and I think the trouble is that you haven't enough confidence in yourself."

"I don't know what's the matter with me, sir," faltered Rudy, "It seems as if the very idea of a test of any sort, in which I am placed upon my own responsibility, always frightens me, and when I'm in that condition I don't seem to be able to do a thing."

"Well," returned Professor Margrot, "until you learn to have more confidence in yourself, you will have to bear the consequences of your weakness. However, I have decided to give you one last chance. If on the next test that I give, you make a perfect mark, I will give you a perfect grade on the term. If, however, you don't make a perfect mark, it will be impossible for me to pass you."

To Rudy, this proposition brought little cheer, and as he departed, his spirits were very low.

"I'm no good," he muttered to himself, as he slowly ascended the stairway leading to his room. "I can never make good here at college. I'm going to have Dad get me a discharge, and I'm going to work."

"Ready to go, Rudy" shouted a voice from the hall below. For the first time Rudy remembered



his picnic engagement, and telling Dinky to come on up to his room, he began to make his preparations. At the same time, all thought of his troubles departed, as he thought of the pleasant evening in store for him, and seeing Betsy Margrot.

Whenever Rudy thought of Betsy, a new hope seemed always to fill his soul and indeed, the lovely daughter of Professor Margrot was enough to inspire any man to noble aspirations. She was one of those rarest of God's creations; a girl in her middle teens, beautiful, but pure and unspotted by the world, and possessed of one of those lovely dispositions that are always seeking to make others happy. Rudy had met her only a few months before, and the casual friendship that was formed had now ripened into love.

At the picnic that evening Rudy was having a very enjoyable time. Never had he seen Betsy so sweet before, or as beautiful. It had been his privilege to be with her for the greater part of the night and as they sat together in the radiance of the wonderful moonlight his heart seemed to be drawn closer to her than ever before.

"Do you love me enough to marry me, Betsy dearest?" he blurted out, unable to control his emotion any longer.

For a moment Betsy did not speak, as if she were thinking it over. Then, with a sigh, she whispered softly,

"I love you Rudyard, but I cannot marry you."

A groan escaped from Rudy's lips.

"Won't you tell me the reason, sweetheart. If you only knew how much you mean—"

Here the voice of the chaperone, announcing the time of departure, enjoined from further conversation, and in a few moments, the party was loaded into the heavy two-horse wagon which was to convey them back to the college.

"I do wish I had a drink of water," spoke up one of the girls in the party, as the wagon was preparing to start.

"There's not a sign of water near this place that I know of," said her escort. "I suppose the only thing we can do is to wait until we get to a farm house."

"Give me your cup," said Rudy, "I remember seeing a spring about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, so I will walk ahead, and have your cup filled up and waiting for you when the wagon gets there."

The young lady who had spoken objected to his taking so much trouble, but finally consented, since Rudy seemed to desire the walk so much. Vaulting lightly over the side to the ground, he started for his destination, and was soon out of sight of the party.

He had filled the cup at the spring, which he found as he had expected, and now waited for the wagon, which he judged would be along in about two minutes. But two, three, four minutes passed, and still no wagon.

"Must have had a breakdown," thought Rudy to himself. Suddenly, his musing was interrupted by a deep rumbling sound, which seemed to grow nearer and nearer, like the thunder of an approaching storm. Above the roar and clatter he could hear the shrill scream of a woman, and then,

as a shadowy mass hove into sight in the moonlight, the realization of what had happened came to him.

A runaway! And the voice of the solitary screaming woman was that of Betsy Margrot! The realization of her predicament suddenly flashed into his mind, as he remembered the deep fill that lay around the bend of the road, a hundred yards beyond where he stood.

A hundred feet away, the wild team, with its heavy wagon swaying behind came crashing onward. Rudy's face grew whiter, his knees trembled, his very heart seemed to stop beating. Something must be done, and he must do it! As the plunging animals drew closer their hot hot breath blew upon his pale face. Would he fail? He must not; not now! As if thrown from a catapult, Rudy's body shot forward, and with outstretched arms, he encircled the neck of the plunging beast nearest to him. It was a tremendous strain, but he held on with all the strength of his well-cared-for body, and as the motion of the team slowed down, he managed to catch the reins of the other horse. By bearing down on the reins of one, and the neck of the other, he soon brought the wild pair to a standstill, at the very brink of the deep fill, with a drop on either side of at least fifty feet.

But Rudy didn't know it, for the exertion had proved too much for him, and he dropped to the ground in a state of unconscious exhaustion.

In fact, he didn't know anything until he awoke in the infirmary the following morning and per-

ceived the smiling face of Betsy Margrot bending over him.

"I didn't fail that time, did I?" he whispered.

"No, dearest, you didn't fail that time, and you'll never fail again. And to think," Betsy went on, "that I refused you last night because I heard dad say that you couldn't be depended on. Oh, Rudy! won't you forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive, sweetheart, for I have found not only myself, but the sweetest little girl in the world!" softly returned Rudy, and a heavenly peace filled his soul.

And the rest of the corps couldn't understand how Rudy became solo trombonist of the band, and how he made a perfect mark on Calculus.



## CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

R. H. SMITH, '25.

*Just now, sweet thoughts of Christmas day  
Crowd in and fill my heart  
With memories dear, of Christmas cheer—  
Vague echoes softly start.*

*I think again of long ago . . . .  
One snowy Christmas day,  
When you were there with me, my dear,  
And Time sped swift away.*

*Still in my heart that one day lives  
And fills me with its pain,—  
The fire's glow, the mistletoe  
And You, all come again.*

*I still remember how your eyes  
Were filled with misty dreams,  
As we sat near the fire's cheer . . . .  
How sweet that hour still seems!*

*Where e'er you are today, dear heart,  
In spirit I am there,  
For long ago, 'neath mistletoe  
I learned, too well, to care.*

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## "WORTH"

W. A. SHANDS, '26

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"Worth", as defined in Webster's dictionary is "that quality of a person or thing which renders it valuable or useful; value in respect to moral or personal qualities; excellence, virtue, usefulness". This means that "worth" is the price, value, rating, or usefulness which anyone is willing to place on himself. It might be correctly stated that "worth" is the opinion one has of himself. Do not misunderstand this statement or interpret it in the wrong way. It is all right for anyone to place a high valuation on himself, have a good opinion of his own value, and to think he is really worth something; but, on the other hand, it never pays to let other people know that you realize your own value, or, putting it in other words, never place a conceited valuation upon yourself. It is not necessary to herald to the world your valuation; the product which a person turns out speaks for the one who produces it; "A man is known by his works."

The validity of any man's claim to real worth is realized or accepted, first, by the man himself. It is a certain fact that if you expect anyone to think highly of you, to respect you, and to acknowledge your rights—you first have to think the same of yourself; a person will always be thought of and treated according to the valuation he places upon himself—in other words—the change, has first, to come from within.

It can easily be seen that a man who is looked

on as having a lowly character can never get out into the world and accomplish any great amount of good for the mass of people, for they have not the right kind of opinion of this type of man, they have no confidence in him, and they believe him to be "putting on". The reason for this is that his "worth" has been lowered in his own mind and consequently in the mind of others.

The next thought which might enter into this is—can a man's worth ever be changed? This can best be brought out more clearly by an illustration; this story is told of a young college student who was not liked by his fellow-students. One morning these students met together and decided what they would tell him as they met him individually. The first one who met this boy said, "Good morning, how do you feel this morning?"

"Feeling fine!" was the reply.

The next one who met this boy said, "What's the matter, you don't look so well?"

"Nothing at all. I'm feeling very well", was the reply.

The next fellow who met this boy said about the same, only a little worse; and this time the boy did acknowledge that he was not feeling very well. Each succeeding boy got a little worse each time, until the boy was finally made to believe that he was feeling and looking very badly. It was not long before he had decided that he had to go to bed, he was so sick. Now this shows just how much a person's opinion of himself can be changed.

The man who accomplishes most in this world is the man who, when he attempts to accomplish

something worth while, really thinks it to be something which he might justly be proud of while he is working with it, and after he has completed it. He never attempts to display any feature of his character which will tend to show him what he is not, to camouflaged, or to fill a place in which he is not intended to be; but, he sets out to do something within his own range of duty. This type of person never shrinks from a task—it makes no difference what he might be called on to do—he always does his best. He always says, "I can; this is my task; it is meant for me, and I am going to do my very best." This is the type of man who succeeds in the world of today; it is not the man who tries to act something on the outer man which is not consistent with the "make-up" of the inner man; for this will not continue to "hold out", although it might work for a short period of time; neither does he stop with just doing things. He, in our language of today, "hitches his wagon to a star."

There is no place in the world for the man who says, "I'm afraid I can't", who shrinks from a task, and who dodges the "issue at stake". The individual who corresponds to this type mentioned, soon is not entrusted with the confidence of anyone; soon he is not looked to, called on, or expected to take part in anything. Soon his morale drops; his opinion of himself or his worth is lowered in his own mind and in the minds of all others. One's life is just what he makes it.

## DREAMING OF YOU

M. B. FARRAR, '28.

*As I sat mid the smoke from my pipe  
Day dreaming as most fellows do,  
Before me appeared a figure so fair  
'Twas the very image of you.*

*The image spoke to me saying,  
"Time has flown, the long months have passed,  
It seems like a year to me, dear,  
Since you came to see me last.*

*"Ever since the last time, I've wondered  
Why you don't come around any more;  
I have racked my brain and tried to think  
What I did to make you so sore.*

*"So I've come to ask your forgiveness  
For anything I've said or ever done;  
I realize that I have not treated you right  
But I want one more chance—just one."*

*"If this one chance is granted,  
I'll show you what it is to be  
A girl who is true to the one whom she loves  
So you see what you mean to me."*

*I sprang from my chair with my arms out-  
stretched,  
Towards the place where your face had been  
beaming.  
But Alas! When I got there I found, to my sorrow  
That I had only been dreaming.*






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### THE STAFF

R. H. SMITH, Editor and Business Manager  
 F. B. LEITZSEY, Junior Co-Op. Editor  
 M. B. KIRTON, Senior Literary Editor.  
 C. B. KING, Literary Editor  
 J. M. VAN de ERVE, Assistant Literary Editor  
 R. H. CURETON, Assistant Literary Editor  
 E. C. STEWART, Exchange Editor  
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 K. B. SANDERS, Clippings and Comments  
 B. B. GILLESPIE, Advertising Manager  
 L. B. BLAKENEY, Joke Editor  
 J. W. BAUER, Circulation Manager  
 R. E. SMITH, Assistant Circulation Manager

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### CHRISTMAS

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"It came upon a midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old,  
 From Angels bending near the earth  
 To touch their harps of gold."

Strange and holy sights were seen by those shepherds of long ago as they were tending their flocks on the plains near Bethlehem. Long years have passed—ages in whose span the whole world has changed immeasurably—and still men pause from their work on the anniversary of this occurrence, and give thanks to the Lord that Jesus Christ was born on that night of long ago.



And, at His birth, wise men came and laid gifts of rare beauty at His tiny feet as token of their love and devotion. So today Christmas has become a day of giving—a day of joy and cheer when all men lay aside their burdens of care and sorrow, and rejoice with the multitudes that Christ was given to the world as a Saviour.

How shall we accept this day? Shall we stand aside from the joyous throng because we too cannot give costly gifts to those whom we love? Ah! there are finer gifts than those which we purchase with gold. Gifts that gladden the heart of the giver and the receiver far more than the ones that are bought with the gold that we earn. These gifts that are so valuable and yet so plentiful are the gifts of ourselves. 'Tis easy to buy a gift and present it to one whom we love, but it is not always so easy to give yourself with the gift. So, on this day of gladness and joy, give of yourself to the ones whom you hold dear, and you will receive far more of the real satisfaction than would, otherwise, come from the giving of a gift.

—R. H. S.

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## HAVE WE COME TO A GOAT HOUSE FOR WOOL?

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Yea, verily it does seem so. And yet, we will not admit it, for we of the Chronicle staff are optimists at heart and will never allow ourselves to be enveloped in the great gobs of gloom that arise from the lack of material. We still have

hopes——hopes that some day there will be an awakening on the part of this peerless student body, and that there will be such an orgy of writing that we will even have to choose the best of the material—as we should. Of course we know that you cannot write, for you have told us so on numerous occasions, BUT we do not believe you. Now, in order to straighten out this tangle and put the Chronicle on its feet more securely, suppose some of you men get busy and submit something for the next issue of YOUR magazine. We will promise that you will not be injured in any way by so doing, and you have a chance of profiting greatly. Prizes have been offered, but it seems that no one wants them, for they have not written as we had hoped that they would. We, being optimists, still believe, however, that there will be enough material for the next issue of the magazine that is YOURS.

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### GOING HOME CHRISTMAS

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When we leave here on our journeys home, many people are going to be watching us to judge our college by our actions. So, it is in our power to give our watchers a good or a bad impression of our Alma Mater. What are we going to do about it? The answer is apparent, we are going to let the people of the state—the people back home—know that we represent a real college, and that we can acquit ourselves in a worthy manner in their sight. Just remember your Alma Mater and all will be well.

## NEW MEMBERS ON CHRONICLE STAFF

During the recent trouble, the Chronicle staff lost several of its members, and new men have been appointed to take the places that were left vacant by the departure of the other men. These new men were chosen on account of their ability in their line of work, and will make valuable additions to the staff. L. B. Blakeney is to be joke editor, to take the place of Johnny Batson. M. B. Kirton is to be one of the literary editors. It has been the custom to have two junior literary editors, and one senior literary editor; but, this had to be changed to meet the existing conditions, so Mr. Kirton is to be a senior literary editor. He is well known from having written the poem that won the medal offered for the best poem written and published in a college magazine in this state. With the addition of these men the Chronicle staff regains its full strength, and is prepared to carry on the work as usual.

—R. H. S.



## Clippings and Comments

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This little poem from the October "Concerpt" catches us with one phrase, "Boy of Mine", and holds us with its simple beauty. It also brings to mind that leap year's waning.

### BOY OF MINE

*Boy of mine,  
White stars are shining  
In the skies.  
Boy of mine,  
They remind me  
Of your eyes.*

*Boy of mine,  
Fay river is washing  
On the shore.  
Boy of mine,  
I hear your laughter  
As of yore.*

*Boy of mine,  
Full moon is sailing  
Up above.  
Boy of mine,  
Its rays enshrine me  
Like your love.*

—Katherine Jenkins.

"If Wishes Were Stars", which appeared in the "Chronicle" last session, was awarded the state prize at the meeting of the College Press Association in Greenville a few weeks ago.

Here it is:

IF WISHES WERE STARS

*If wishes were stars, O Soul of mine,  
What jeweled hopes would'st thou but find  
In the heaven of human hearts divine;  
If wishes were stars.*

*A celestial light the heart would hold  
More precious than the purest gold  
Or rubies wrought in silver old;  
If wishes were stars.*

*If wishes were stars that bloomed forever  
In hearts of love and faded never,  
Could life and beauty ever sever?  
If wishes were stars!*

*Yet ever in hearts of men will lie  
Some sacred hopes that never die;  
So why sigh thou when men do sigh—  
"If wishes were stars!"*

—M. B. Kirton.



The true modern spirit for "every-day" worship seems to be expressed in this psalm from the November "Wofford Journal". It is the common thought of thousands—in the church and out—here, for the first time to our knowledge, put into language.

NEITHER AT JERUSALEM NOR ON MT. CHERIZM  
*They worship Thee in the darkness of the closet ;  
 My heart sings to Thee in the sunlight of the hills.*

*They bow to Thee in the secret places of the temple ;  
 But my heart is glad before Thee in the many-costumed  
                   throngs of the streets.*

*Long and slowly they chant Thy praises—  
 In trailing garments of fine white linen, they sing thy hymn  
 But I shout Thy love in the fit garments of my daily work.*

*They build unto Thee great houses of stone ;  
 But in the fields of new-turned furrows is my tabernacle,  
 And my most holy sanctuary is there.*

*From the long, straight pews  
 They see the gleaming of the tapers—  
 They smell the burning of the incense ;*

*On the sides of the rolling hills  
 I see the strong shining of the sun,  
 I smell the sweet incense of the violet and the pine.*

*They hear the singing of the many toned chorus ;  
 I hear the psalming of the Katydid and the Whip-poor-will  
                   and the tiny voices of the night.*

*They worship at Jerusalem,  
 They worship in the temple on Cherizm ;  
 I worship Thee in the holy throbbing of my heart.  
 Amen, and Amen.*

—Bertrand P. Ramsey.

We had to read this little piece from Robert Browning three times—once to catch the swing of it, again to get the meaning of it, and yet again to feel the joy of it.

## SUMMUM BONUM

*All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one  
bee:*

*All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of  
one gem:*

*In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the  
sea:*

*Breath and bloom, shade and shine,—wonder, wealth,  
and,—how—how— far above them—*

*Truth, that's brighter than gem,*

*Trust, that's purer than pearl.—*

*Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe— all were  
for me*

*In the kiss of one girl.*

"Beneath the Mistletoe" in the December "Pine and Thistle" is—ah, is a fond recollection—and, perhaps, may be a pleasant anticipation.

BENEATH THE MISTLETOE

*A rosy gown—two rosy lips,  
A Yuletide's rosy glow.  
So tantalizing she stood there  
Beneath the mistletoe.*

*But when I tried my chance with her  
She stepped aside—I missed her.  
I tried again—more luck this time:  
I caught her and I—*

*'Twas just a bit of girlish wiles,  
For maidens will be coy  
For now the mistletoe for me,  
It's aid I'll e'er employ.*

*Christmas again!— The years have passed—  
A scheme of joy and woe;  
True memory's glass I see her still,  
Beneath the mistletoe.*





Prof.—Give three laws of thermo-dynamics.

Wise Kadet—(1) No heat can be gained from a radiator. (2) Hot water loses its heat after 9 P. M. (3) Heat and reveille never meet no matter how far they may be extended.

---

Moralist—And what have you done to save our timber?

From Audience—I shot a woodpecker once.

---

Shiek—Through the Sahara's worst sand storm I have come to you.

Sheba—Ahhh-Ahh! My man of grit.

---

Magis—Young man, how did this accident happen?

Trate—Well sir, I dimmed my lights and was hugging the curve.

Magis—Yeah, that's how most accidents happen.

## TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

Latest flappers song hit from the Tiger's Lair:  
"Rocked in the Jitney of the Sheik."

---

Chivalrous—Times sure change.

Ignorance is Bliss—How's that?

Chivalrous—Men seldom die for women, but  
women frequently dye for men.

---

## THE REMEDY

Cadet—This cold weather chills me to the bone  
at Revielle.

She—You should get a heavier cap.

---

## OUR POET

A little moonlight now and then

Marries off the best of men.

A little moonshine here and there

Causes a slip and often a flare.

---

Soph—Its just like the old proverb says, fresh-  
man. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Fresh—If that's so, then you sure are carrying  
a big block of dynamite around your neck.

---

## FUTILITY

The woodpecker wept in deep dismay

As the shades of evening stole,

For he had been laboring all day

On an iron telegraph pole.



## OBVIOUS

Every day that passes now is one day closer to Xmas, which is drawing nearer.

---

## OH! MY CHILD!

Little Bobbie, who had been taken out in the country for a day's outing, saw a spider spinning a web between two tall weeds.

"Hey, Pop!" he yelled, "come on over here and see this bug putting up a wireless."

## THE TYPRITER

Yestrday was the gulden jubilee if the typewrit. If it were not for the typewrit we would not be able xxx to write this editor-al so quickly @s our ordinary hand-writinfis not only hard to read but takes a long time to write. Becausr fiftyyers ago the typwr&te was invinted by Alex Bell or whoevr) the tenks of allwritting men should be extend"ed to the pioner spirit wha first conveixed this tim and money sa?ing deVice! Because of the typewrit Robert W. Chambers and Heerold B. Wright and the others can t"urn out &\$\*)3-4 moe bks per yr than Plato, Aristott, Bnevuto Cellinny on the othre ancniets cud writ in a lifton and if that is nto a sing of progress then WE asks whata is\*

N;B14 wE hope our reafers will excuse the tiping of the above as our reglar steno?has gone off on a roshhashona. —Ex.

Short Story—For Sale cheap, practically new, car, slightly abused. Apply at City Hospital Ward 13.

---

Squire—Did you send for me, my Lord?

Launcelot—Yes, make haste, bring me a can opener. I got a flea in my knight clothes.

---

### THE MOUNTAINEER'S RECIPE

Chase wild bullfrogs for three miles and gather up the hops. To them add ten gallons of tan bark, half a pint of shellac and one bar of home-made soap.

Boil thirty-six hours; then strain thru an Prohi's sock to keep it from working. Add one grasshopper to each pint to give it a kick. Pour a little into the kitchen sink. If it takes the enamel off, it's ready for bottling.

---

### CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Boost home trade by buying moonshine instead of imported liquor. Here is a good chance to die for your country.

---

Our newest definition of a dumbell: The student that sits up till 1:00 A. M. to see how his bed automatically collapses at that time.

---

Ruff—How did you puncture that tire?

Tuff—Ran over a milk bottle.

Ruff—Couldn't you see it?

Tuff—Naw, the little runt had it under his coat.

# *The* Chronicle



January  
1925

~~XXVII~~  
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"Of all those arts in which the wise excel;  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM



# *The* Chronicle



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## WHY.

M. B. KIRTON, '25.

---

You asked me why,—as if I knew  
Why love is woven of threads so blue.

Think you that when Life's pattern is spread,  
That the why will be woven of each little thread?

Then tell me the depths of a maiden's eyes;  
Why dreams are built of lover's sighs.

Or why the voice of love ever brings  
To the heart a flutter of angel-wings.

But tell me why a Blue Bird sings,  
Or Ivy to an old wall clings.

Tell me the why of a star-lit sky,  
A mother's prayer, a baby's cry—

## THE GOLD MINE.

K. B. SANDERS, '25.

"Howdy Bill," drawled Steve Blake as he strolled into the office of that dignitary and drew up a chair. "Got a blank check on the First National?" he asked.

"Sure thing, pardner—but tell me, how's saw-millin' with you thse dys? Today's sure a scorcher, I tell you."

"Yep, I'm always glad to see Saturday noon," returned the other, carelessly scrawling out the check.

If one could have looked over his shoulder, he would have seen Steve draw the check payable to William T. Clark with the subscript "Real Estate and Insurance" and made out for \$125.00.

"Say" questioned Steve, "what are you wantin' for that acre lot opposite the station?"

"What are you wantin' with it," smiled the little man behind the desk, "but," said he continuing, "I guess that ain't a fair question—\$175's the figure, son."

"Got the papers?"

"Yep, right here in the safe."

Steve looked them over and nodded. "Reckon we don't need a notary public to settle this deal, eh Bill."

He flipped the check over on the desk.

"Say, By Thunder, this check ain't made out for \$175, Steve. I ain't goin' to sacrifice that fine lot to you for \$125 even if we are good friends. This place is growin', man; real estate is goin' up every year."

Steve laughed. "That's \$25 more than Fraps offered you for it last week," he responded.

"Well," the other answered, carefully choosing his words' "I hate to part with that lot for \$125, but

I need the money so badly, I'll let you have it." And somewhat lightly he added, "Much happiness, old sport."

Steve strolled out on the street with a happy look on his face. He went over to Jed Peter's and purchased a shovel and a pick to be sent down to the house. When he came out on main street again, he turned down a side street and continued for two blocks; then went along a well-worn path across a vacant lot, and finally came to a great lane of live oaks beyond which stood a commodious low-roofed house of old colonial style. He did not need to knock.

"Oh Steve! How are you?"

"Fine Nancy, but-t—"

"Let's sit in the swing and talk awhile."

"Nancy, I quit today at the mill," said Steve in a quiet voice.

"Why, Steve . . . What is the matter?"

". . . Do you care to know?"

"You know I care, Steve."

"Well, you're going to think I'm crazy, but anyway— last Saturday night, a week ago tonight, I dreamed that there's gold in Pringleville"

"Gold," ejaculated the girl.

"Yes, gold, it's on that lot next the depot—and I bought that lot today."

"Why Steve! Gold in Pringleville? Whoever heard of such a thing?" said Nancy with a doubtful smile.

"I believe it," said Steve earnestly, "and I'm going to dig for it, Nancy." And he stumbled hopelessly, "Will you—will—will—oh will—if I find a gold mine, will—."

Nancy dropped her eyes. "Yes, Steve, as soon as we are able," she said simply.

So Steve started to dig Monday morning. The

sand was loose and his pick was of little use; so when the morning train rolled in, Steve had excavated quite a space, and stood up to see the few passengers alight and see the mail tossed onto Sam's wagon. Then the train pulled out, and the townsmen turned back uptown. On passing, however, old man Fraps espied Steve.

"Hey Blake," he said sarcastically, "you're gettin' that a little deep for beans."

"Not making a garden, Mr. Fraps," returned Steve, "I'm excavating for gold."

"Gold!" The old man exclaimed. "Har-har-har! Gold, you worthless young son-of-a-gun. Gold; why they ain't no gold east o' the Rocky Mountains."

At the magic word several others gathered around Mr. Fraps and plied him with questions. The old man repeated what Steve had told him, and they all joined in a general laugh.

"Found any yet," said Mr. Tibbs, with a broad grin that was reflected from a circle of laughing men.

"No," admitted Steven, "but it's here; I dreamed it."

"Ha-ha-ha," broke out Mr. Fraps again, "Steve, you're as crazy as old Ben Gunn."

"Well, maybe so, Mr. Fraps, but that's just my hard luck," said Steve good-humoredly.

"Let's watch him dig awhile," suggested Mr. Tibbs.

So they sat down on the grass and smiled and derided and scoffed at the idea that there was gold in Pringleville. They couldn't watch forever, though, and so finally they began to leave, each with a casual word of discouragement.

And so the joke grew from day to day and from week to week until it was no longer a matter of humor, and the wise-heads of Pringleville began to



discuss whether or not it was expedient to send Steve Blake to the asylum. Unmindful of the taunts and these vague suspicious whispers, Steve threw up the sandy earth to right and left and made a veritable well out of his lot. But no glittering reward greeted his eyes, and two months slipped by like so many hours. Yet he felt as sure of success as on the day he had sunk his last red cent in his project.

With the characteristic fickleness of human nature the same wise-heads who had gossiped of sending Steve to the house of the lightheaded came to scratch their unkept heads and think among themselves: "Steve may be right." And the idea grew. It took hold of Pringleville lightly at first, but with every opinion in favor of Steve it took firmer hold on the imaginative minds of that little village.

On a Wednesday morning in December the customary station crowd gathered around Steve to question his progress. As it happened the curious throng was larger than usual that morning; even the drayman had left his baggage to loiter a few minutes. Steve straightened up and mopped his forehead and addressed them: "Pleased to have your company, gentlemen," he smiled, and after a minute he went on working again.

All at once old man Fraps pushed forward. "I thought I saw something bright in that last shovelful, Steve," he said. Together they scratched through it. Suddenly, Fraps grabbed up something and shouted, "Look here." Excitedly he held up the coin for all to see.

"Let me see it," Steve said eagerly, almost unable to control himself. He looked at the piece intently and rubbed it with his bandanna. "Looks like an old half-crown," he said, "and it's dated 1710."

"Maybe it's pirate gold," said someone from the crowd. "Bet there's loads and loads of it under the ground."

"Yes," echoed Mayor Hall, "this is just one coin; the rest of it must be close."

Excitement was keyed high. The men were crowding around and talking in eager tones. Several were scratching in the upturned earth, and everyone showed clearly in his face his desire to sink a shovel in the earth. But it was Mr. Fraps who spoke the sentiment of all: "Say Steve, how 'bout sellin' me a twenty foot square to try my luck?"

"I don't know," Steve answered slowly.

"Want it all for yourself," Fraps shot back angrily.

"No," answered Steve, "I'm willing to do what's right. I'll think about it and tell you tomorrow."

That night Steve camped on his lot. Long he lay awake thinking. The clear heavens looked down upon him as he lay with his head propped in his hands, and his thoughts mounted all the way to the stars; but they finally settled to earth—to Nancy. "If I find a gold mine," he said aloud whimsically, "Nancy Baldwin will change her name if not her initials."

"But," he argued to himself, "if there was any gold here, it seems I would have found it already. This half-crown must be a stray piece that dropped out while old Stede Bonnet was on his way to bury a barrellfull," he mused. "Hum—now if I wanted to bury that much money, where around here would I put it? Where I could find it, surely. That little rise on the other side of the depot would be as good as any, and by George, that big pine would be a dandy landmark." And so he pondered. "Yep," he concluded, "that's what the old boy did—sailed up the river, came over here, and parked his plunder at the foot of the big pine. I trusted my dream, and now I'll trust my judgment."

Steve talked to Bill Clark for a long time next morning, and when he came out of the real estate office he left his plan for Bill to carry through.

On Friday posters appeared all over the town advertising the sale of Steve's lot at auction in twenty foot squares. The town was all agog; little groups gathered on the street and talked the situation over until sunset, and the Bank of Pringleville anticipated such a day as it had never known before.

Saturday noon came. Bill Clark elbowed his way through the crowd and climbed upon the improvised table. "Men," he cried, "you see the lots are numbered. Nobody can buy more than two. Do I hear an offer for Lot No. 1?"

"\$25," said a voice from the crowd.

"\$40," said Mr. Fraps.

"\$45," followed a third cautiously.

"\$46," bid another.

"\$50," shouted Mr. Farps; "anybody goin' higher?"

Not a voice was heard save Bill Clark's, so the first lot was knocked down to Mr. Fraps.

And so the lots went off thick and fast—\$40, \$35, \$25. The cash and checks piled higher and higher. When the last lot was sold, and the crowd had begun to drift toward Jed Peter's hardware store, Steve and Bill counted up the total and found \$3,227.50.

Monday morning saw a fied of spades and bustling men, and to the surprise of everyone Steve had begun to dig at the foot of the big pine. It turned out that he had bought the whole five acre tract beyond the depot, spending, as was learned later, nearly all his receipts from the sale.

And so the days and weeks and months rolled on, and Pringleville got in the papers as the "gold mine" town. But things looked dark for the miners. No sign of the hidden treasure after all their work.

Gloomily Steve declared that his dream must be a dream—nothing more. He became dejected; he gave up thought of finding gold; he almost gave up hope of winning Nancy.

Then, on the fourth of June, a representative of the S. & L. R. R. Co., came to Pringleville and was closeted with Bill Clark for three hours. At the end Bill was smiling "Yes," he said, "I'll see Blake and fix it up today."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What are you so amused about," questioned Steve ill humoredly as he took possession of the most comfortable straight chair in the office.

"Why Steve, I've sold your old gold mine—closed the deal—without asking your opinion," grinned Bill at his perplexed friend.

"What!" grasped Steve.

"Yes, boy, how do you like the figures on this check?"

"Ten thousand, one hundred and twenty-five." Steve read as in a daze. Then a wave of joy overspread his face, and he asked weakly, "Is it really true, Bill?"

"Yep, it's true, Blake, old boy. I was particular for that guy to add that \$125 just for horseshoe luck."

\* \* \* \* \*

"You see, Nancy," said Steve gently as the June moon came from behind a cloud, "the railroad is going to build a big repair plant here and they were willing to pay dear for my five acres."

"Yes," sighed Nancy contentedly, and then mischievously, "and you found a 'gold mine' anyway, Stevie."

And the old June moon rolled back into the cloud.



## THE NINTH DAY

"FEBRUARY" ,25

---

Today I am so very happy

I could run and shout with glee  
For it was on this morn I found  
That you'd not gone back on me.

I'd begun, to think that you'd forgot  
Or, perhaps, were playing a game,  
But now I see that I was wrong  
And that you are just the same.

Your promise wasn't broken—  
'Twas only slightly bent  
And the heart I thought was breaking  
Has well withstood the dent.

The doctor? He was just a joke—  
Your letter turned the trick;  
Why, Girl, I read the first two lines  
And forgot that I was sick!

Would I forgive your silence,  
And forget what you have done?  
Why didn't you give me something hard,  
Say, start me on a run?

I've forgiven and forgot the deed,  
And am happy as can be;  
The reason's this, I love you dear,  
And believe you still love me.



## THE COUGAR AND THE BUSH.

"CAESAR" LITTLEJOHN, '25

"Say Dad, Look at this will you?"

"Well—Why so excited?"

"Look and you will see."

He took the news paper and read—

---

COUGAR KILLS BOY  
WEST OF OKANOGAN

---

James Felhaber Horribly Mutil-  
ated—His Body Found Near  
Head of Davis Canyon.

---

Okanoga, Washington. Dec, 14,  
1924. James Felhaber, a 14-year-  
old boy, was killed and horribly  
mutilated by a cougar about ten  
miles west of Okanogan Wednesday.  
His remains were found in a canyon  
about three miles from the Chelan-  
Okanogan highway.

---

"That is a sad story, it reminds me very much of one of my experiences; it may be interesting to you. First I shall tell you where it happened, it was near the place that you have just read about.

"Pateros is a small town just 20 miles below Okanogan. Both of these towns are on the Columbia River. Pateros is at the mouth of a small mountain river—The Methow. This is a small tributary of the Columbia River.

"The Methow Valley extends about forty miles northwest from Pateros, which is on the railroad and the Columbia River. For the greater part of its length it is one or two miles wide, the lower valley lands being under irrigation. This land is devoted to fruit growing and diversified farming and dairying.

"The Methow River is too small for boats to operate in as it is only a mountain river. A steam-boat

line supplied Pateros with necessary things that were shipped in. At this time the nearest railroad was 60 miles south of Pateros, at Wenatchee. The settlers in the Methow Valley secured their supplies thru Pateros, they were hauled up the valley in large freight wagons. It took at least two days for the freight to get up this valley to Twisp, another small town. This trip was thru beautiful country, but the teamsters did not think of this, as the road was very winding and dangerous in many places, a fact which required all of their attention with the handling of the 6 or 8 horse teams that they drove. The road followed the river for long stretches and in many places was cut in the side of the hill. At these places to have driven over the edge of the road would have meant that you would drop from 40 to 70 feet. This is all mountain country and is the real foot-hills of a large range of mountains, The Cascades.

"I was working at Twisp, with a land company. There we had to irrigate the fields and orchards; otherwise they were useless. The land company owned the irrigation ditches that furnished water for the lands near Twisp. These were large ditches or canals, and furnished water for several thousand acres of land. In changing one of these ditches we had run into some rock and had to blast it out. More dynamite was used than we had expected to use, in fact we had used all that was at hand, still we were not through with the work and it was necessary to have more explosives. We did not wish to lose the time that would be required to have the dynamite sent from Pateros in the wagons; so I was sent to get it. The Land company boasted the only automobile in town—a single cylinder "BRUSH" thought at that time to be a wonderful car. I was to leave early the next morning and return in the afternoon. At that time

sixty miles was considered as a long trip to be made so quickly. For the auto was a great curiosity, not only there but throughout the country.

"Since I was to return as soon as possible, and did not desire to be unnecessarily troubled while on the trip, I left my rifle at home. Even though it was a bit troublesome at times, I usually carried the old gun on all of my trips.

"I made the trip to Pateros in record time. There I easily secured the explosives wanted and was prepared to leave soon after dinner. I ate a big meal with friends in Pateros discussing every topic of the day. I learned from them that the sheep were already being taken out of that section of the country as was done each year, to places where they would find feed during the winter. Snow would soon fall in this section, and a sheep is helpless with snow on the ground if left to find food for itself. The older weather prophets said that snow would fall within two weeks.

"I started the return trip, thinking that if luck was with the Brush I would be at home in about three hours. The road was such as to require me to be on the alert, as it was full of sharp curves. The first 12 miles was made with the auto running like a top, but this could not continue. Something went wrong in the cylinder, and when you only have one cylinder and it goes bad you soon stop. I did just this.

"After an hours work on the motor I decided that it was not a job that I could attend to on the road, but that a day in the shop would be required before it would be ready to finish the trip home.

"The nearest house was a little over four miles back, and as this was in the early winter I did not want to spend the night outside; so I decided to walk back to the house and spend the night there. I would send the explosives on by the driver of the stage-coach, who made the trip every

day, and get a team to haul my car to town.

There was nothing in the car that anyone would likely want except my hunting knife, which I put on my belt as I started down the road. As you know, night falls fast at this time of the year, and it would be only a few minutes until dark; however, the moon was rising and would furnish enough light for me to walk without stumbling. I started the walk at a pretty brisk rate, as I did not want to reach the house long after dark. I was making good time, the moon was giving plenty of light to make walking easy, when suddenly—? was it a noise or just a prank of the imagination?

Many men of the wilds claim to have a sixth sense, if I had one it was this that caused this feeling. I felt that all was not well, a very uncanny feeling, I wished to know what was wrong. Unconsciously my pace quickened. As any one would do when struck with such a feeling, I became ever so alert, trying to watch in all directions. I was soon rewarded for my watchfulness by observing an object on the sky-line. At first it was only an object, no shape, but careful watching soon showed that it was a cougar,—abreast of me going in the direction that I was going. I kept presence of mind enough to know that if I ran I would be in more danger than if I could fool the cougar. I kept at a fast pace; the cougar did the same. He seemed to do exactly as I did, but he stayed on the hillside, and I could see him easily on the skyline. I was nearly out of breath, and just about half way to the house that I had started for. If the cougar kept in a relative position to the one that he now had he would finally come between me and the house. The house was in a grove—what better conditions could be asked for by the cougar than to have me pass under a tree and



for him to spring from the lower branches. One blow from that powerful paw, and—?

“What could I do? I had only my knife with which to offer a fight. If I had only brought my rifle—but I had not. My only avenue of escape was on the road, the river was just below; but it was too deep to wade, and far too swift to try to swim. I looked about me to see if I could find any thing that would be useful in a fight: only to realize the uselessness of the small rocks along the side of the road. I thought of home, my wife waiting for my return—it might be a long wait?

“I was approaching a place where the road did not follow the side of the hill, the mouth of a ravine. I hoped to gain time on the cougar at this point, for if he followed the hillside he would have to go several hundred yards farther than I did. I lost no time in starting across this place. Sagebrush grew on both sides of the road. Since I did not wish to give time for the cougar to get down to the road and attack me there, I hurried on as fast as possible, trying my best to get away. I had crossed about half of this ravine mouth when—SOMETHING STRUCK MY FEET. This thing was soft, it moved! it was alive! I tripped and fell. I got to my feet as soon as possible and took only a few steps before I was tripped again. Again I got to my feet, knife in hand, and as before, I stumbled over the creature again. My mind quickly told me that I was being played with, much as a cat plays with a mouse before killing it. Every advantage was on the other side, I could not outrun anything then, I could not see what or where the creature was. Although I was certain that my last day had been spent, I gritted my teeth, gripped the knife tighter, and thought that I would at least leave my mark on this animal before I quit. But I was not going to quit, I was going to fight as well as I could to the end. I lived a big



part of my life over in the few seconds that I spent there. I started on again, watching to see how it was that the animal struck my feet rather than my throat, or as they usually killed, by crushing the victims skull with one blow from that powerful paw. I had gone only a short distance when I heard a strange sound. I listened and heard it again. This time I easily recognized it, for it was "baaa, baaa baaa," I realized at once that I had run into a herd of sheep that were on the way out of this section of the country.

"This discovery eased my mind a great deal as I saw that my danger was not as great at this moment as I had thought that it was. I whistled and was answered by a whistle; so I called to the sheepherder to come over to the place where I was. As soon as I could, I told him of the cougar, and that it had followed me down the valley. He told me that it was after sheep, and not man, and that he would have that cougar before morning.

A few minutes later the dogs caught scent of the cougar, and it took to a tree. There short work was made of the beast and at this I took an easier breath than I had taken in what seemed to me several hours, but had really been only a small fraction of one hour.

I spent the night there and early the next morning when the stage-coach passed, got aboard, sitting with the driver, I told him about the trouble with the car and the need of the dynamite at Twisp. He promised to deliver it as he passed the point where the work was being done. I had the car pulled to town and that afternoon was ready to start the trip back to Twisp. This trip was made without mishap. The work on the irrigation ditch was just completed before the first snows and was therefore ready for use on time the next spring."

## FROM AN ARTIST'S BRUSH.

R. H. SMITH, '25

---

I love the dawn—the earth's arousal—  
And the songs of wakening birds,  
As they join in gay carousal  
Flooding earth with love's own words.

I love the morning with its fragrance  
And its myriad dew-drenched flowers  
Where the breezes—wanton vagrants—  
Steal through nectar-coated bowers.

I love the twilight with its passions—  
With its low, sweet, western breeze,  
And the shadows' weird fashions  
'Neath the gently swaying trees.

I love the night-time with the starlight  
Drifting down through heaven's halls,  
And the golden sheen of moonlight  
On the night-time's purple palls.

I love these scenes, for they are painted  
By a generous Artist's brush—  
Given by a Hand that's sainted  
Morning's fragrance . . evening's hush.

STARS AND DREAMS

R. H. SMITH, '25

---

A brilliant star  
That gleamed but one short instant in the sky  
And was gone—

A golden dream  
That lived but one short hour in a heart  
And was gone.

How 'like they are—  
The falling star the crushed and shattered dream.  
Both gone forever.

Both are gone  
To the realm of shattered dreams and fallen stars  
But Hope remains.

New stars arise  
And glow with lustrous beauty in the sky  
To light the world

So too the dreams  
Are born again to light the hearts of Man—  
Thru all the years.

## FROM THE PAST

R. H. SMITH '25

Near the small town in which I spent the early years of my life, there lived an old negro man known as "Daddy George." The years had not dealt lightly with him. His bent old head was as white as wool, and every wrinkle in his seamed black face bespoke many trouble-filled years. His was a familiar figure along the dusty country road that led from his shanty to the sleepy little town of S———. He walked with his weary old head bowed, and with hands clasped behind his frail, bent back. There still clung to him the customs of slavery times, and upon passing a white person, he invariably ducked his head, touched his seamed forehead with gnarled fingers, and mumbled, "How de do, sah." So, the people in the little town were good to "Daddy George," and some of the merchants kept him supplied with tobacco.

He had once been owned as a slave by one of the richest planters of the low country, and his old master's descendants still cared for him to the extent of furnishing him with a small home, and food. He and his wife, Ella, lived quite happily in the small shanty that the wife kept scrupulously clean.

Then a great sorrow came to "Daddy George," for Ella died. Long and mournfully the bell in the little negro church tolled, and all of the children and grand-children of the aged couple came home for the funeral services. After the last rites had been performed at the grave, they went back to their homes, leaving the sorrowing mate of the dead mother to bear his grief alone. He declined rapidly after that day, but still lived in the small shanty that he called his own, doing for himself the things that had for so long been done by the hands of his faithful wife.

Sorrow seldom comes alone, and soon a fresh grief was added to "Daddy George's" already heavy burden. The new master of the Oaks refused longer to furnish a home and food for the faithful servant of his father, and "Daddy George" had to go to live with his step-son-in-law and his daughter. Here he was received with scant hospitality, and his feeling of being an unwelcome member of the family made his life almost intolerable. It seems that the burden of these sorrows caused "Daddy George" to lose control of his mind, and for long hours the bent old negro would sit, staring straight before him. It seemed that he was living again in the past—wandering happily through the dead years. Often he would leave the house for long periods of time, and no one would know now where to find him.

One morning "Daddy George" was missing. High and low the negroes hunted for him, and finally they found him, far up one of the small streams which are so numerous in the low country. In answer to a question by an interested white, one of the searchers, said, "Yes sah. Sounded des lak he was makin' b'lieve he was huntin'." Then it was remembered that in his youth "Daddy George" had been a famous hunter. He had known just where to find the 'possums and the 'coons; and the dogs of the plantation were the best trained in the whole countryside. The old master of the place often went with the younger folks on a moonlight hunt, to give them an evening of diversion. On such occasions "Daddy George" was called upon to act as guide for the party, and to regale them with negro songs and clog dancing when they paused to warm by a roaring fire.

One other time "Daddy George" rose early, put on his battered old felt hat, and shambled out of the yard. "Whar you gwine Daddy?" Queried his



daughter. "Ise jes a gwine up the road to see Ella," quavered the old negro. Sure enough he went several miles up the road to the boundary of old Captain Fulton's place. There he was seen to pause in the shade of a giant sycamore tree which, on account of its great age, was one of the land marks of that vicinity.

"Is dat you, Ella?" the thin old voice queried. "Come heah, an le' me put my han's on you to make sho'," and the gnarled, faltering hands reached out to the spot where he saw Ella. But she was not there. Perplexedly the old negro brushed the back of his hand across his face as if to remove the webs that obscured his vision, then sorrowingly turned and slowly dragged his way back home.

This incident served to recall "Daddy Georges" courtship of the girl who later became his wife. Ella was, at that time, a maid in Captain Fulton's house, and "Daddy George" was a robust young buck on old Mr. Saul's plantation. "Daddy George" would often slip out of the slave quarters at night and travel up the road to his and Ella's try-sting place. Finally George's master learned of his nightly pilgrimages and put a stop to them. For days the young buck mourned. Then his kind old master took pity on him and went to Captain Fulton, who happened to be a close friend. "Fred," said George's master, "I've come to buy Ella from you. That young buck, George, is inconsolable since I learned that he was slipping off at night and coming all the way down here to see Ella, and put a stop to his visits. So, I want you to sell Ella to me in order that the two can be married." Finally the deal was made, and Ella went home with George's master. Soon there was a new shanty among the small houses where the slaves lived, and George and Ella settled down to a life of complete happiness.

"Daddy George" continued his wanderings, going away without warning and staying for long hours. He was living again the days of his youth when life had been filled with sunshine and he had been a stalwart shield between his beloved Ella and all harm—days of the past that had been spent in the cotton fields where the happy negroes sang the plaintive songs that negroes used to sing as they worked, and when they had raced with each other down the long rows of snowy cotton. Long evenings when the smell of frying bacon floated on the still air and mingled with the plaintive notes of the banjos of the tired negroes gathered in their homes to enjoy the rest that they had earned by a long day of labor.

Somehow, I can still hear the trembling old voice of "Daddy George" as it sounded the last time I met him on my way home from school. He was trying to sing that old negro song, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and I remember how his weak voice failed on the high notes.

"Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home . . . ." The old voice died away. A few days later his earthly voice was hushed forever.

One morning in the early spring, the bell in the little church tolled again, for "Dady George" was dead. Dead at last, and at last with Ella in the Great Beyond. No more would he live through the past in his fancy; no more would he journey down the dusty road to the great sycamore to meet Ella. The shrunken body was laid to rest by the side of his wife, in the low-fenced grave-yard, there to sleep through the passing years.

I was just a boy then, but I remember how my throat filled when I looked at the fresh mound in the negro graveyard, and thought of the pathetic old man who lay there. Still I knew he was happy

in his last sleep, for he was sleeping beside the one whom he loved as much as he loved life itself. Long years of life and happiness, old age, sorrow and finally death. . . .

The small paper which was printed at the county seat once each week, held a short announcement, "George Williams, whom everyone knew as Daddy George died at S———, last Tuesday. He was one of the oldest inhabitants of the county, being 101 years old at his death." That was all. Nothing of the long years of slavery, the romantic, pathetic life; or the pathos of the months when the old negro had gone back to the fields of the past to live again his youth. But, such is life. . . . and some newspapers.



I LOVE YOU DEAR SWEETHEART—JUST YOU  
GOLDEN STONE, '25

---

I'm thinking tonight of you dear;  
Of you—a pal so true,  
And o'er and o'er I'm saying,  
“I love you, dear sweetheart—just you”

I've always longed for a buddie,  
For one forever true blue,  
At last, I know, I've met her;  
She's you, dear sweetheart—just you

Your sweet face, in dreams, is a picture  
Oft' times, I see it so true  
That I wake up and murmur so gently,  
“Oh! sweetheart, I love you— Just you”

Your lips, to me, are like roses  
Wet with the fresh morning dew;  
Would that they could to me utter,  
“I love you, dear sweetheart—Just you”

Those eyes, to me, are like violets  
So tender, beautiful, and true;  
Would that in their depths I could read  
“I love you, dear sweetheart—just you”

It is only this that I hope for.  
To see in those eyes so blue;  
To hear those sweet lips murmur;  
“Dear sweetheart, I love you—just you.”

## A STORY FOR DUCK HUNTERS.

D. M. DANIELS 25

"Women may be kind, sweet, loving, gentle, sympathetic and understanding, as mothers," Miles Baloon remarked, "but I'd sure like to know where some of them qualities, especially the 'understanding' one, disappears to when they deal with husbands."

"Is Mrs. Baloon off the reservation?" Jack Butts, Baloon's friend, inquired.

"Off the reservation?" Baloon repeated; "I'll say she's off. She's donned her fighting feathers, doing a war dance, and I'm about to be scalped."

"What did you do to get her excited?" Butts asked.

"Nothing," Miles answered, "absolutely nothing. Went home to supper the other night just feeling at peace with the world and all mankind."

"I made some innocent remark about the wind shifting to the north and added that I hoped it kept on, that perhaps if the weather got stormy it would bring in some ducks—that was the match that touched off the blast."

"Listen, old dear," she said, in tones that I well knew meant that the storm from the north was about to break, "you and I are going to have a heart to heart talk."

"Which meant," Miles added, "that she was going to talk and I was going to listen."

"Did it ever occur to you that about half the people in this town have seen me alone so much that they think I'm a widow?" she said to open her lecture.

"You're crazy," I protested.

"No," she replied, "I have been; but starting right now I'm not going to be any longer."



"I don't mind it so much in the summer," she continued. "When the weather is decent; I can get outdoors. You can get away with all your stock alibis then. You play golf for business reasons—women don't understand baseball—women don't belong on fishing trips.

"I'll stand for those old bromides and up to now you've got away with them. Beginning now, however, I'm scratching "yes" and voting "no" on duck hunting."

"Wait a minute," I protested.

"There'll be no waits," she comes back. "If you think I'm going to stay parked out here by myself every time the weather gets so bad nothing can live outdoors but street cars, taxicabs, and duck hunters, you've got another guess coming.

"The very idea", she says, "of a man leaving a nice, warm, comfortable home, to go out and hide in a patch of weeds or brush on a mud-bottomed lake, waiting for a duck that left Minnesota to go to Florida, accidentally flying across where you happen to be, just to let you try to hit him. "And yet, she added, they have some people locked up in homes for the feeble minded and let you run loose."

"Say, you or no other woman knows anything about duck shooting," I told her. "Duck shooting is the greatest sport in the world."

"It is, is it?" She replied with sarcasm. "Maybe so, but you'd be surprised how much I know about it. I know you don't have to go out on that lake this winter to be inconvenienced. "I can run some cold water into your boots right here at home," she said. "You can slush around out in the yard with wet feet and get chilled and catch cold here just as easily as you can a hundred miles away.

"After you are about two-thirds frozen you can

play like the snow ball or spira brush is a blind and crouch down in it until you're so stiff you can't move and kid yourself that you are completely hidden.

"Every now and then I'll bundle up, step out on the back porch and blow your duck call. It won't be any more trouble to wonder if they're coming in the back yard than it is out at the lake. Judging from the number of ducks you bring home, they don't seem to come in out there, or, if they do, you're a bum shot.

"When it gets so dark you can't see, you can come in the house," she remarked. "I'll take the springs and mattress off the bed and try to make it as uncomfortable as a cot at the lake. Then I'll turn on the electric fan so you won't get homesick for the wind coming in thru the cracks. You can leave your clothes and boots out on the back porch so they can't get dry.

"In the morning when you get up you can slip on your wet clothing. I'll half cook some bacon, fry an egg, cut your bread thick, make you some black coffee and let you drink it out of a tin cup so you can burn your mouth. You can burn your mouth here just as well as you can in the country.

"Of course," she said, "you'll miss the morning shooting, but don't forget I'll be making some sacrifices, too. I'll miss going down in the basement and filling the furnace with coal and taking out the clinkers and ashes. I'll miss going out in the cold for the morning paper. I'll miss the worry of wondering if you're coming home or have decided to stay another day—that the shooting was too good to leave. I'll miss wondering whether you're coming home with pneumonia or merely a severe cold. I'll miss kidding myself that we're going to have some ducks to eat.

"But, you know," she added, "all married couples have to make some sacrifice, and I'm willing to make my share."

"What are you going to do about it?" Jack Butts asked.

"I've already done it," Baloon replied. "I just telephoned a want ad to the paper advertising my gun and hip boots for sale at a sacrifice."

---

### DAWN AND LOVE.

R. H. SMITH '25.

The earth was still—

Waiting for the dawn to come and wake the world  
From its sleep.

My life was still

Waiting for your love to come and wake my soul  
From its sleep.

Dawn of love

Birth of passions that had ne'er before swept  
through

My soul.

You alone—

With voice of gold, and eyes whose depths I could  
not ken—

Could wake my love.

And now 'tis o'er

As dies the day with flare of color, so our love  
Has gone fore'er

## TO MOTHER

E. W. CULLER, '28

---

Mother, you are the world to me,  
Dearest to me always.  
I know thee but to love thee,  
To thee I sing my praise.

Each morn when I awake,  
Dear Mother my thoughts are for thee.  
Oh, if I could hold thy heart to mine,  
The world would brighter be.

Who shared thy joy and sorrow?  
Whose weal and woe were thine?  
It was I, who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
Oh, Mother, my Mother so divine.

Dear Mother memories bind me to thee,  
No thoughts, no words are full,  
My thoughts of thee are too reverent,  
Oh, Mother—so dear to me.



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## READING

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The mind has been likened to a fertile garden wherein may be grown the most beautiful flowers or the most unsightly weeds. Certain it is, that the mind must be very carefully cultivated and most jealously guarded if it is to become a spot of beauty, wherein may flourish and grow the ennobling thoughts which lend color, dignity, and worth to man's life. And how are we to cultivate these minds of ours? The answer is apparent—by using the thoughts and ideas of others as seed, our own reasoning powers and discriminations as tools, and thoughtful communion with ourselves as the necessary food. And we turn to reading as a method of garnering the thoughts of others into our storehouses, to be used for seed.

How blessed are we who can read! What a world of varied beauty opens to us at the touch



of the magic key of knowledge which makes reading possible! And yet—and yet, we do not use this glorious gift as we should. For, just as reading furnishes the beautiful thoughts of others for our betterment, so does it furnish the devastating thoughts which poison our minds and make them like unto a garden of roses that is overrun by the weeds. Ah! we must be careful of our reading, for the worthy thoughts are much more easily forgotten than are the poisonous ones, and one low thought, plucked from the field of weeds that is cheap literature, and rooted in the fertile soil of our minds, is harder to extirpate than is any beautiful and energizing thought.

College men do not always read what is best for them, as each of my readers well knows. They are voracious readers of the cheap literature, and this more than offsets the good they might obtain from the occasional good books that they read. So, I make this appeal for good reading—make it with a fervency that comes from a true knowledge of the existing conditions. Will you make the rose garden, or productive field of your mind, or will you allow the weeds to take control?

---

### CONTESTS AND PRIZES

Here recently, several contests have been announced for the purpose of getting more and better material for the Chronicle. Now we are announcing the last contest. By an arrangement with the local dealer and distributor of the Corona typewriter, there will be given as a prize, a Corona Four typewriter. This prize will be given to the student who does the most meritorious piece of work for the Chronicle. That is, to the man who does the most valuable work, as judged both by quality and quantity of material. This is a prize

that is well worth working for, and it should not fail to arouse the writing instinct in anyone.

If there is any question as to the type of work that is wanted, or any other phase of writing, call at the room of the editor, 76, and such information will be furnished gladly. You men know the need for material, for I have written on that subject before, so I will content myself with saying that I hope you will enter whole heartedly into the contest that is now open.

Just as a reminder, three medals will be given at the end of the year, by the Chronicle. One for the best essay, one for the best poem, and one for the best short story. These medals are awarded by a faculty committee, at commencement, and it should be considered quite an honor to win one, for surely a mental victory, or a victory over opponents, won because of superior intellect, should hold an honor that is in no way inferior to the athletic honors that men win for physical prowess.

—R. H. S.





## BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill  
 Be a scrub in the valley—but be  
 The best little scrub by the side of the rill;  
 Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,  
 And some highway some happier make;  
 If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass—  
 But be the liveiest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,  
 There's something for all of us here;  
 There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,  
 And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,  
 If you can't be the sun be a star;  
 It isn't by size that you win or you fail—  
 Be the best of whatever you are!

—Douglas Mallock.

### "MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

---

Here's to "The days that might have been";  
Here's to "The life I might have led;"  
The fame I might have gathered in—  
The glory ways I might have sped.  
Great "Might Have Been," I drink to you—  
Upon a throne where thousands hail—  
And then—there looms another view—  
I also "might have been" in jail.

O "Land of Might Have Been," we turn  
With aching hearts to where you wait;  
Where crimson fires of glory burn,  
And laurels crown the guarding gate;  
We may not see across your guarding fields  
The sightless skulls that knew their woe—  
The broken spears—the shattered shields—  
That "might have been" as truly so.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen"—  
So wails the poet in his pain—  
The saddest are, "It might have been,"  
And worldwide runs the dull refrain.  
The saddest? Yes—but in the jar  
This thought brings me with its curse,  
I sometimes think the gladdest are  
"It might have been a blamed sight worse."  
—Grantland Rice.

---

### LIONS AND ANTS

---

Once a hunter met a lion near the hungry critter's lair, and the way that lion mauled him was decidedly unfair; but the hunter never whimpered when the surgeons, with their thread, sewed up forty-seven gashes in his mutilated head; and he showed the scars in triumph, and they gave him pleasant fame, and he always blessed the lion that had camped upon his frame.

Once that hunter, absent minded, sat upon a hill of ants, and about a million bit him, and you should have seen him dance! And he used up lots of language of a deep magenta tint, and apostrophized the insects in a style unfit to print. And it's thus with worldly troubles: when the big ones come along, we serenely go to meet them, feeling valiant, bold and strong, but the weary little worries with their poisoned stings and smarts, put the lid upon our courage, make us gray, and break our Hearts.

—Walt Mason.

### THE FIGHTING FAILURE

---

He has come the way of the fighting men, and  
fought by the rules of the Game,  
And out of Life he has gathered—What? A living,—and little fame,  
Ever and ever the Goal looms near—seeming each  
time worth while;  
But ever it proves a mirage fair—ever the grim  
gods smile.  
And so, with lips hard set and white, he buries  
the hope that is gone,—  
His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet  
he is fighting on.

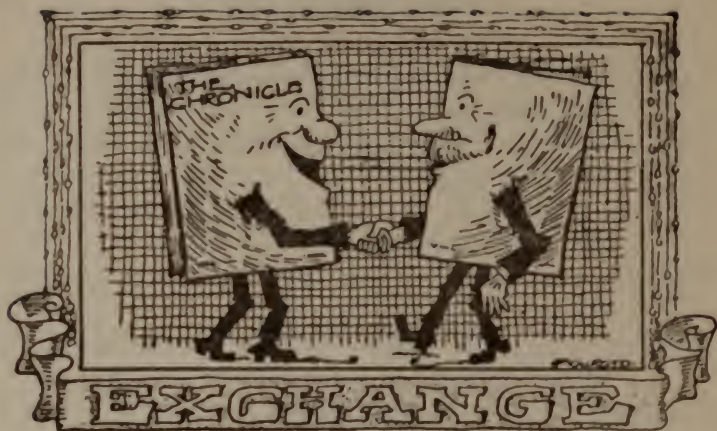
Out of the smoke of the battle-line watching men  
win their way,  
And, cheering with those who cheer success, he  
enters again the fray,  
Licking the blood and the dust from his lips, wiping  
the sweat from his eyes,  
He does the work he is set to do—and “therein  
honor lies.”  
Brave they were, these men he cheered,—theirs is  
the winner's thrill;  
His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet  
he is fighting still.



And those who won have rest and peace; and those  
    who died have more;  
But, weary and spent, he cannot stop seeking the  
    ultimate score;  
Courage was theirs for a little time,—but what of  
    the man who sees  
That he must lose, yet will not beg mercy upon his  
    knees?  
Side by side with grim Defeat, he struggles at  
    dusk or dawn,—  
His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet  
    he is fighting on.

Praise for the warriors who succeed, and tears for  
    the vanquished dead;  
The world will hold them close to her heart,  
    wreathing each honored dead,  
But there in the ranks, soul-sick, time-tried, he  
    battles against the odds,  
Sans hope, but true to his colors torn, the plaything  
    of the gods!  
Uncover when he goes by, at last! Held to his task  
    by will—  
The fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet  
    he is fighting still!

—Everard Jack Appleton.



### THE CRITERION

---

"While the House Slept" is delightfully artistic. It is very like a picture—a painting whose charm is its background. The simple plot is nicely blended with the setting, and the whole presents a clear image.

"The Sign on the Door" and "Christmas Brings Love Anew" both exhibit a pleasing originality of plot, but both show a lack of the technique which is so characteristic of "While the House Slept."

In "The Price of Popularity" Katie O'Neil had to choose between dancing and the man she loved, and quite naturally she chose—Nick. To dance or not to dance, it seems to us, is a question for each person to decide for himself; and if that question to a decision between dancing on the one hand and religion or high ideals on the other, one will know very well to choose the truly valuable, as Katie did.

The rhythmic "Just Think" contains a joyous anticipation of the holidays and a gentle admonition to "Give ourselves to the homefolks."

"A Freshman's Sentiments" expresses also the sentiment of a senior. In fact, we recently heard a particular senior declare by the good green grass of Manning county that he knew less today than he did four years ago. Nevertheless we still agree with old Socrates (and "Young Socrates") that a man who knows he is ignorant is wiser than the man who is ignorant and ignorant of that fact.

### THE CONCEPT

The description at the beginning of "The Little Caroler" furnishes a fitting setting for the well-handled plot. After meeting the "Little Caroler" we have a feeling that we would like an introduction to old Bill Tykes, himself—if he hadn't already taken "one last jug too much and dreams as dreamless a sleep tonight as any man in Potter's field."

"Is Poetry Poetry; If So, Why?".—The author of this delightful bit of absurdity may or may not be a poet, but she undoubtedly is a humorist of "mean" ability. Her style is refreshing (as humor quite naturally is) and her rhymes and non-rhymes "hit the spot."

### THE NEWBERRY STYLUS

"The Menace of Modern Immigration" is another essay on the old subject of immigration. We agree thoroughly that "America has about reached the point of saturation." We like the illustrations with which the writer bolsters his argument for yet stricter immigration regulations.

"Shakespeare's Moral Teaching":—The writer states that "Morality is the one thing least tolerant of special pleading of all things that enter into human thought." He shows that Shakespeare "held the mirror up to nature," letting people see for themselves what was good and what was evil. He points out that moralists often lose effect by tactless obtrusion; and in this "regular fellow" age that is often true.

"Won by waiting" is a fair story, but the title does not fit very well.

The "Stylus does not come up to our expectations of Newberry; we fear that it needs a literary revival. On the mechanical side, we noticed that the magazine is not as attractive in appearance as it might be, and that several left-out half-paragraphs made reading a little tedious.

K. B. S.





### THE CALL TO ARMS

In the cold moonlight his lips were white  
While hers were vivid carmine shade.  
Our hero felt the call to arms  
And joined the colors, unafraid.

---

Ags.—Why do you call your engineering courses  
secret practice?

C. E.—Because the Prof. and the rest of the class  
won't tell me what they're playing.

---

### A HOODED SCANDAL

“Are you a K. K. K.?”

“No, it took all the sheets to put the kids to bed  
last night.”

---

### A WHAT?

Flash—Did you get the problem?

Light—No it's bed time.

Flash—Well, get on your night mare and run  
out and get some coal before you turn in.

---

### EXPOSED

Ford—Your engine is coughing badly again.

Henry—Shouldn't wonder. I had its muffler off  
last night.—Ex.



Corn—S'matter, you look all lit up?

Rye—Yeh, I swallowed a lightning bug.

---

Fredie—May I go and play now, ma?

Mother—What, with those holes in your trousers?

Fredie—No, with the boy next door.

---

Beef—Are you going to cream the potatoes?

Stew—Sure! Do you think I'd milk them?

---

Sign in Ku Kluxer's office window—"Will be back at one, out to Lynch."

---

Sapp—What is love's labor lost?

Clara—A bunch pulling the serenade stunt outside a deaf and dumb seminary.

---

Soph—Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?

Fresh—I don't know about your imagination but your face is clean.

---

O. D.—Snap out of it, you boob! Where's the balance of that rifle?

Rat Sentinel—I d-don't know, sir—I guess it's in the armory.

---

"Say, you were a regular Santa Claus to that woman, wasn't you?"

"Yeh—and she was my little rhinedeer."

---

Juan—Jane always gets whatever she can out of a man, but she never intends to pay them back in any way.

Nita—I see. Using the males with intent to defraud.

"I got a lot out of that experiment," said the student as he walked off with the apparatus.

---

Absolutely—I'd like to interest you in a cotton gin, the cotton gin, you know, is one of the world's greatest productions.

Positively—Is that so—well send me up a dozen bottles, I'll try anything once.

---

"How do you like your new room-mate?"

"Oh, he's all right, but he's got an owl-eyed mouth."

"Owl-eyed mouth?"

"Uh huh—open all night."

---

#### IN DEEP

Bull—Pretty mild winter you have here.

Frog—Mild! Do you call six inches of mud mild?

Bull—Six inches! Say Croaker; the mud was so deep in our country last winter that the farmers had to jack up their cows to milk 'em.

---

#### PERHAPS THE SNARE DRUM

Jen—What makes the music so catchy?

Ren—It must be the traps.—Tiger

---

Cavie—Elman is quite a musician, isn't he?

Rib—Oh, yes. Even when he was two years old he used to play on the linoleum.

---

"Pardon me, Ruth, but one of your stockings is on crooked."

"Why, how do you know?"

"Well, that's the way it seems."

## SUCCINCT

Frosh—What down is this?

Soph—Pipe down.—Ex.

---

Hot—Is she tough?

Mama—Tough? why, she uses chicken wire for hair net.

---

Bob:—Hows your little flame now?

Bub:—Not so hot.

---

The absent-minded professor jokes are with us again. We are thinking of the prof. who kissed his shoes goodnight and put his two daughters under the bed.—Ex.

---

“Milord, the woman waits without.”

“Without what?”

“Without food.”

“Give her the doorjamb.”

---

First Angel——How'd you get here?

Second Ditto—Flu.

# *The* Chronicle



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1925

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VOL. XXIII

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Thou smiling Spring! again thy praise  
Is on the lips of streams;  
And waterfalls loud anthems raise,  
By day, and in their dreams.

ROCKWELL





# *The* Chronicle



March

1924

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## A FANCY

R. H. SMITH '25

Pearl-hued dawn,  
Fragrant air—  
Golden jasmine everywhere;  
Songs of birds,  
Gay-decked trees;  
Lazy, droning, Bumble-bees.

Springtime skies.  
Flowered world,  
Flaunting colors all unfurled.  
Witching nights,  
Moonlight dreams  
World just made for love, it seems.

Love and Spring—  
Joyous days  
All o'er earth a fragrant haze.  
Beauty calls,  
Hearts are thrilled,  
All the world with love is filled.

## CONCERNING A BARREL OF WHISKEY

K. BLACK SANDERS

In the land where the water runs slow, the golden sun that had welcomely warmed the river all the April day paused for an instant above the fringe of pines and hardwoods in the west, and cast the long slanting shadows of late afternoon over a toiling logging gang on the lower Savannah. Jake Mason's crew were a hard-working bunch, led by the sterling example of their hustling, young giant of a boss, and were yet busy rafting the great pine logs for shipment to the sea. Cato, expert juggler of frying pans, bottle washer *ex officio*, and general handiman at other times, was preparing his supper fires with a song on his lips and no care on his heart; and on the bluff that commanded a far view up the river, a lone watcher scanned the water as if expecting something there.

With unbelievable swiftness news of the wreck of the Hamburg launch had come down the river to this isolated logging camp. The heavily laden launch, according to the message, had capsized, the crew escaping miraculously, and the entire cargo had gone overboard into the muddy river. For signs of debris from the wreck the sentinel waited expectantly.

It was in the days of 1909 when the river trade was a more flourishing business than it is now; when liquor was free as ginger—ale and little more expensive; when respectable citizens with families felt it their privilege to “go on a spree” every Christmas and logging-camp men, in common with others of their station, indulged themselves likewise every Saturday night as regularly as they performed their weekly ablutions—and sometimes more regularly.

In keeping with the times the little launch that plied weekly between Savannah and Hamburg, the "seaport of Augusta," was always supplied with spirits, plenty for private use, and usually she carried several barrels of liquor as freight. So, the reader may well imagine that the keen-eyed riverman who looked to the north and watched for debris from the wreck had his eyes well-trained for observing barrels.

The high point on the bluff permitted also a view in all directions, and occasionally the sentinel rested his eyes by looking to the south. There, just below Jake's permanent camp, showed the evening fires of another camp, a recent installation that had been nothing but trouble since the day it appeared. Their men had blocked the river whenever they could, always making it seem accidental; they had manifested everything but a desire for sociability—none of them had ever come near the camp; and of late their acts of enmity, committed with evident impunity, trusting in superior numbers, had grown to open insolency. So, each hour brought Jake's men closer to the inevitable conflict with old Ham Brock for the right-of-way of the river.

The sun had sunk through the towering trees, and now lighted up the heavens with the magnificent beauty of a rainbow, while the first nighthawks were venturing out for their food, now diving, now wheeling, now dipping perilously. With a start the sentinel awoke from his reverie, and hurriedly scanned the broad expanse of water to reassure himself that he had missed no floating wreckage through his dreaming. His keen eyes searched the surrounding waters without reward, and, grunting his relief, he shaded his eyes and looked far up the river into the thickening dusk. For several minutes no sign greeted his roving eyes save the level water. Then,



a tiny speck caught his eye, and, as the seconds flew, and it drew nearer, it held his attention fixedly. As it approached a gentle bobbing motion became manifest and the dim outline grew into the shape of a barrel lying low in the water. This knowledge sent him rushing down into camp.

Gathering curiously around him, the men looked in the direction he pointed and excitedly argued what manner of substance that floating drum contained.

"It's a barrel of liquor, boys, a barrel of rye; I saw several barrels of it when the launch passed yesterday," Jake half-shouted. Down it came nearer, nearer, nearer, looking to the eager watchers more and more like a barrel of whiskey. They could almost smell the stuff; and thrilled with thought of the all-night revelry which this plenteous supply of whiskey would afford.

Unconsciously Jake kicked off his shoes, and his men followed suit mechanically; and as the prize came in range every man of them, excepting Cato, who couldn't swim a lick, plunged into the yellow water and swam out toward the floating spirits.

This action had not gone unnoticed in the rival camp below. There too a lookout had all day watched the river, and at the same time, had watched Jake Mason's camp; and so the unusual activity there instantly caught his attention and drew his eye to the peculiar object they were watching. He shouted this information to old Ham, who quickly analyzed the situation, and grouped his men on the bank, waiting in readiness. Then, as Jake and his men, who were slowly but surely bringing their clumsy prize closer to the bank, came abreast, they swam out to meet them, and the rival crews locked in a mortal struggle for possession of the drum of spirits.

A riot on the land has its terrors, its hot-blooded joys of conflict, and its triumphs; so with a free-for-all in the water. On the land, when a man is knocked cuckoo, he merely sinks to the solid earth and, though no longer interested in the proceedings, continues to draw in his regular ration of life-giving oxygen. In the water, contrarily, he only sinks. So, a free-for-all in the water has only its terrors and its triumphs.

Outnumbered and tired from their efforts to land the unwieldy barrel, Jake's men seemed doomed to disastrous rout. But necessity made them giants, and with a spirit born of courage and realization of the great odds thrown against them, they battled like demons with an enemy in front and behind. Shoving, dodging, splashing, grappling, choking, with relentless purpose the struggle raged, while the spray half hid the scene and made it a struggle of individuals. Yet above the roar of the conflict occasionally rose the voice of the rival leaders.

"Drown 'em", bellowed old Ham in a voice evidently well moistened with muddy water.

In return Jake shouted back, "Give 'em Heli." And he set the example. With herculean energy he kept a ring of enemies at bay, and only by trickery did they ever grapple him. The evil faced rat he had just shoved under grabbed his foot and for a moment pulled him down. Kicking desperately he freed himself; but they were upon him, around his neck, at his back. No man could withstand them. Jake shouted for help; but his men were as hard pressed as he, and neither answer nor aid came, so completely absorbed were they.

Dusk had dwindled into night, lighted now by the moon beaming down on the tragedy in the glistening river, while the bobbing drum, the bone of contention, drifted away from the conflict, down,

down, toward the sea. No one saw a little bateau as it shot out from the bank and raced toward the demoniacal conflict. Like one in a blood-sweat Cato had watched the unequal struggle, awed, and powerless to render aid to the men he loved. At last his slow-working mind remembered the boat always anchored in the little cove midway between the camps, and he acted with agility creditable to his African sensibilities.

Yelling ungodly the black demon descended like a hawk from the clouds, scattering Ham's crew like a drove of chickens before a hawk. Right and left he swung his heavy paddle, sparing none, while his victims flopped over on their backs and floated toward the sea.

The half drowned men laboriously made for the shore, caring neither for friend nor foe to aid or to hinder—all except Jake. That soggy gentleman clung to the gunwale of the bateau and Cato pulled him aboard where he flopped to the bottom; but in a moment he raised on his side and gruntly indistinctly, "Get that liquor, get that liquor." So Cato headed downstream.

In three minutes Jake had thoroughly come to life again, and when they came alongside he immediately dived overboard with the anchor rope, looped it around the fluted drum, and tied it fast. Thence, with both paddling, they slowly pulled into camp, where the men had kindled a fire and were instalmentally drying their clothes.

Sight of the barrel gave them new life. The men who swam ashore half dead and wishing the Lord didn't deal in fractions evidenced their renewed spirits with a rousing cheer for Cato. The prize was set in the midst and, while they baked their half dried clothes and Jake evaporated the water

from his, they waited expectantly for the beginning of the revelry.

It was a curious scene there in the firelight. Rough grizzled men—some only in trousers, others clad only with shirts—none with shoes; some stretching their garments on a rack of sticks, others holding them up before the blaze, others drying them “on personnel,” sending out clouds of steam that almost obscured them from view. The stars and the moon looked down on the scene with stillness unbroken by any sound other than the laughter and talk of the men.

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(Continued on page 13)



## A SPRING NIGHT

M. B. KIRTON. '25

Like grewsome gargoyles come to life  
And taking wing,  
The bats at even', all gnarled and brown,  
From gabeled attics tumble down. . . .  
To greet the spring.

Through willow boughs that trail the water  
And ripples bring,—  
Like emerald tresses, breeze-kissed, and cool;  
The Seed-Moon rises from the pool . . .  
And greets the spring.

From silken pupa-case that hangs  
A forsaken thing,  
A great moth floats on the dusk of night,  
Soft rustling wings in mystic flight. . . .  
To greet the spring.



## IN THE WINTER TWILIGHT.

K. BLACK SANDERS, '25

From the moment I opened his door I felt a sensation of unpleasantness. Hal did not rise from his chair by the radiator and Jones continued to lounge on the bed, so, after a word of greeting, I leaned against the window sill and relaxed to the usual flow of nonentities.

My first sensation grew into certainty, and I cast about in the dim light to find the reason for the depression. Since I could see only a blurred outline of irregular walls and disordered books and beds, I switched on the light with the idle excuse of counting the days until Christmas, although I knew perfectly well there were twenty-eight.

What that light revealed was no compliment. The disorder showed in detail—table littered, bedding tumbled awry, books falling this way and that, papers scattered over the floor, and shoes—some on the bed, some under the bed, some on the locker. The room looked as if it had been “decorated.”

A full sentence of obscenity took my attention from the room and back to the men and the talk. All at once it occurred to me that the atmosphere was not given to big thoughts; rather it radiated selfishness and narrowness and just plain dirtiness. I felt cramped and unhappy. So, it was the men who really made the atmosphere!

With relief I remembered an appointment with Charlie, and so got away. My errand there was soon over, but I was reluctant to go, and till we fell in for Retreat I pictured that short interview over and again. The room had few pictures, I remember; but that big “splashing water” scene was

refreshing and invigorating. The books and papers had been terribly littered too—as bad as in Hal's room; but somehow that disorder was not the dominant tone of the place.

Then I recalled that the talk, though brief, had been about something—something perhaps that would change an old outworn tradition at the old school. Charlie had spoken with spirit; his face had lighted up, and glowed with the energy of his plan. So, I reasoned, it was not the arrangement of the room, but the men who made the atmosphere.



Yet in the dark silences beyond the glare of the campfire lurked Ham's crew of roustabouts. Undaunted by their rout in the water conflict, and trusting surprise and superior numbers for success, they had determined to avenge their defeat and take the prize they had lost in the water encounter. The stage was well set for their purpose. Jake's men were completely off their guard, thinking that the conflict had ended in the river; and so, as they drew into a circle around the barrel of spirits, they were completely oblivious of the fact that knives gleamed in the light of the moon now high in the heavens and heavy clubs loomed in the shadows beyond the light of their fires.

Jake knocked out the bung, and had two of the men tilt the barrel over a convenient block. "By God," he rumbled in his deep voice, "the nigger gits the first drink."

So the shiny-eyed Cato pushed through the throng, and held his tin bucket under the bunghole while Jake served him generously. Glistening with anticipation he smelled it. Then, in a thrice, the lustre faded from his countenance, his eyes rolled toward the starry heavens, and he muttered brokenly, "Mister Jake, smell dat . . . smell dat."

"What the Devil's the matter with you?" asked Jake wonderingly as he took the pail from the quavering nigger. Then Jake caught an odor unmistakable. He rolled out a full row of oaths, and in the gaping quiet bellowed one startling word—"Kerosene."

## PROMISE

CLAUDE TEMPLE

Ours are kindred spirits, my dear,  
That lightly live and move and breathe on air,  
And glow with the stimulus of contact.  
We love the rocks of one native land  
And the same God;  
We know the same people  
And mutually call them friends;  
We know each other thoroly—  
And the good is uppermost,  
Is it not, Genivieve?

Tomorrow . . . . tomorrow  
We go o'er the hill together,  
Merging our fortunes and our happiness  
Which, as two streams forming a river,  
Must grow and grow forever—  
Must they not, Genivieve?

To us will be all wealth,  
Of such as we desire—  
Of mind and soul and health,  
And even will time be ours—  
Will it not, Genivieve?

## THE POWER OF DREAMS

R. H. SMITH, '25

We live but once, and this life is so fashioned and molded by our dreams that we cannot for one moment forget their infinite importance or their immeasurable possibilities. How colorless and weak is the life which does not contain the illumination of some great ideal! How pitiable is the man who tries to grope his way through this world without the supporting power of a great dream. For dreams are just hopes that lead men to superhuman endeavors, at times,—hopes that lend to men the power of vision and the comfort of ideals, without which this world would become the world which Hamlet saw, "an unweeded garden, that grows to seed."

The world has been fashioned by men who conceived great dreams and spent their lives to make them come true. The race of civilized man has been scattered to the uttermost parts of the earth by men who, in their fancy saw other and fairer lands to the westward, and who spent their energies in following these visions. For the great discoverers were dreamers of the highest type—men who did not recognize the narrow confines of the knowledge of their day, but who projected their thoughts far out beyond the horizon of the known world. Thus it was that Columbus came to America, despite the bitterest opposition that could be offered to any man. And thus it was that men sought out the different lands, and charted them as an imperishable monument to their memory—the memory of the first great class of dreamers.

But men were not satisfied with the expansion of the borders of their nations. Pioneers began venturing out into the field of science, opening fresh



vistas to the sight of men, and making life more worth the living. These men, too, were and are, dreamers. They have bound all of the world together in a common group by their invention of the telegraph, the wireless, the steamship, the aeroplane, and all of the many other devices that have brought the remotest corners of the world together. They have made it possible for men to live in greater density, by their invention of the great manufacturing machines, and they have given Man the power to control many of the forces of nature. Life has been lengthened and made more beautiful—even death has been postponed by these super-men who are so led by the lure of their dreams that they do not recognize anything as being beyond their power, save the forces which only God can exercise.

These inventions in the field of science have made it necessary that the social and economic system be recognized. Here too, the men who felt the urge of some great inner force transformed the whole system. Revolutions, reforms, rebellions, and the whole gamut of upheavals which went to make the world a better place to live in, were instigated by men who followed the gleam of a great ideal. Why was America colonized? Why did men leave their homes and travel across an unknown sea to a strange land, there to fight for a bare existence? Because they had a vision of Religious freedom and were willing to risk their very lives to obtain this freedom. Many men suffered martyrdom for the sake of their ideals in the settlement of America, and so have men been doing in the settlement of other nations ever since the beginning of history.

Nations have been fashioned by the power of dreams—but there is another and more important function which these forces perform, for they exalt

the individual. All through the sombre pages of history, names gleam with a star-like radiance—names of dreamers every one! Think you that the world would have remembered Alexander the Great, The Caesars, Martin Luther, or any of the other great figures of history had it not been for their dreams? Every one of them would have sunk into blackest obscurity if they had not been lifted to a position of exalted eminence by the power of their visions which made possible the conception of the ideals which dominated their lives.

The beasts of the jungle watch the changing of the seasons, the rise and setting of the sun, the myraid golden stars that gleam through the night from high heaven, but only man sees the wonder in these phenomena. Man sees these things, marvels at their beauty, and is inspired to plan and strive for greater things. Thus is Man lifted from the plane of bestial ignorance and coarseness by the power of vision. A mason becomes a sculptor when he catches a vision of the figure he carves. An ordinary life becomes great when illuminated by the light of a great dream. It has been said that there is a limit to our possibilities but not to our attempts, which means that we can only discover our possibilities by great attempts. No great attempt is possible without a supporting vision; therefore, we cannot reach the limit of our possibilities unless we fashion great dreams, and add their power to our feeble strength.

Just as one star differs from another in glory, so men have different ideals. Many men have spent their entire lives working toward the fulfillment of some scheme that seemed utterly foolish to all others. Long ago a Man walked the earth filled with a Divine inspiration, that all men might be

brought to the true way of life. Men scoffed at Him, called Him a fool, and finally crucified Him, and yet after two thousand years, His memory gleams brighter than ever before, and the vision of the Man of Nazareth still lures the world onward and upward. We who are young and filled with the glow and enthusiasm of youth, must dream the dreams that belong to us alone if we would live. Only men with the power of vision can be optimists, and it is said that optimism is the strength of the strong, just as pessimism is the weakness of the weak. So, though every man has a different ideal, it is only by striving to reach it that he can possess the optimism which makes a life worth living.

But here lies the tragedy—men wait for their fancies to materialize and never since the world began has a dream come true of its own volition. The dream is but a beacon light to guide the footsteps through the intricate ways of life to ultimate success. If the light is not followed, and the ideal is not expressed, nothing is left but the ashes of regret and the bitterness of failure. The most beautiful vision or the most worthy is valueless when locked in the heart of the dreamer. The pyramids were builded as a monument to the memory of some of the ancient kings—but they were not builded by fancies alone. Years of drudgery went into their making, thousands of lives were spent that these piles might be left as a colossal monument to a King's conceit. So are our pyramids erected. First the dream, then the drudgery, for,

“Laurel crowns cleave to deserts

And power to him who power exerts;

Hast not thy share? On winged feet,

Lo! it rushes thee to meet;

And all that nature made thy own,  
Floating in air or pent in stone,  
Will rive the hills and swim the sea  
And like thy shadows follow thee."

So with our dreams must go work. Perhaps years of drudgery will be spent in making the steep ascent to the heights of our ideals, but the air is cool and sweet there, and rest awaits the toiler upon his arrival at the pinnacle which has lured him from the plains below.

The future will be dominated by the young dreamers of today, just as today is dominated by the young dreamers of yesterday. For dreams are the priceless heritiage of young men; and young men have conceived the dreams which have emancipated science, and changed the course of the whole world's history. We are young men—behind us lies the phantismagora of the Past, before us stretch the panoramic vistas of the coming years. Tomorrow is going to be just what the young dreamers of today make it.

Each man must dream his own dreams, and yet there are certain ideals which must be common to all young men. The greatest of these is the ideal of eternal progress. The world cannot stand still, it must either advance or recede; and upon the young men with their fire and ardor, falls the responsibility for the world's progress. They are the ones who will leave their achievements as monuments to the memory of their generation.

Then must come the other great vision—the most beautiful and lasting ideal that any nation can possess—the ideal of love. By this love I do not mean necessarily the love between individuals—though that is the foundation of any nation's strength, since no nation can be stronger than the family therein—but the love I speak of is a far



greater thing—the love for the One Supreme Ruler of all nations. When all of the world is bound together by a reverence for the same God, then will wars and other strife cease, and there will be a realization of the greatest hope that Man can conceive.

The world has been lifted to its exalted position by the power of ideals—you can lift your life to heights of eminence by the same power. From the age of primordial savagery until now the visions of men have been changing the whole construction of the world's history, and it will ever be so. Never will there come an age when the dreamer will not rule, and that means that the world will ever be ruled by her young men. A great responsibility, but a far greater honor when the final reckoning is made in that highest of Tribunals. So, you must live true to the highest of your dreams if you are to leave behind you a monument to you memory.

"Live true—and work as does "The Thinker."

"Might of the roaring boiler,

Force the engine's thrust,

Strength of the sweating toiler,

Greatly in these we trust.

But back of them stands the Schemer,

The Thinker who drives things through;

Back of the Job—the Dreamer,

Who's making the dream come true!"



## IN THE MORNING

CLAUDE TEMPLE

A tiny, tinkling noise,  
And back to the land of dreams—  
At first call for reveille.  
A sudden mighty rumble  
Of drums and blare of bugles,  
And the very earth shakes with a sound  
No sleeper can deny—  
At second call for reveille.

A hurried dressing—  
'Specially when the time is pressing  
From a vagrant after-nap  
Of sweetest rest;

And outdoors  
Pure fresh blue and soft downy white  
Fringe the onlyx-like morning,  
Gradually and carefully tinged  
By the red of the sun  
Creeping, Indian-like  
Up thru the trees—  
At reveille in the morning.

## A SKETCH FROM BOYHOOD

R. H. SMITH, '25

Somehow the first days of Spring take me back to the years when I was, all unwittingly, living the fullest and most colorful part of my life—the years when I was one of “the gang,” going to school to the small country school, fishing in the nearby swamps, and doing many other things which are so characteristic of boys at that age. I can still feel the thrill that coursed through my veins when I saw the first green leaves, and heard the first song pour from the mocking bird’s throat, and knew that Spring was at hand. Then it was that bare feet began to show, and “the gang” had a race to see who would be first allowed to come to school barefooted. How wonderful now do those days seem—days when I walked from my home to the school house through long lanes of fragrant jasmine, across the silvery stream that flowed so merrily across the road, and under a canopy of fresh, emerald green.

Of all the memories which I harbor of those days, however, the most poignant are the memories of the days when I went fishing. On the day before the great treat, I would work industriously for hours digging the bait, and “fixing up” my pole and line so that I could hold “the big one” which I was so sure of catching. Then, in the early morning, before day had made its appearance, we would start for the fishing grounds—one of the tributaries of Salkehatchie which was known as Little Salkehatchie, and upon arriving we would my father and I—have a race to see whoc ould catchthe first one.

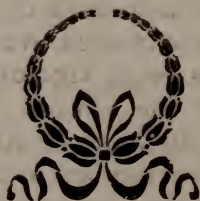
How that memory lingers! The dewy trees shrouded in long veils of Spanish moss looking like

some forest ghosts that had been ensnared by the undergrowth; the soft, misty, haze that pervaded the atmosphere at that early hour, and the sleepy stillness of the woods just before sunrise. But, I took little thought of these manifold wonders, all of my thoughts were concentrated on the bobbing cork in the water before me. I would picture my hook about to be seized by one of the "big ones," and would wait tensely for the sudden submerging of the cork which would mean that some hungry red-breast had accepted the invitation of the worm on the hook, and had made off with the prize only to be hauled out later, a gasping trophy for the fisherman. But, as the minutes passed my mind would wander off to other things. Out in the stream I could hear the occasional splash of some lively trout, as he leaped out of the water in the attempt to catch some fluttering insect. All around me the wonders of the early morning would unfold unnoticed. There would be the awakening of the sleepy birds, and their drowsy twittering in the tops of the trees where they had spent the night in slumber. Then I could see the first rays of morning sunlight filtering through the tall cypress and pines, making bright splotches on the rippling canvas before me, lighting up the dark shadows under the low bushes, and painting the whole scene in gorgeous colors.

Suddenly the unexpected would happen, and I would feel my line being vigorously pulled by some unseen denizen of the stream. Then would come the breathless waiting, and finally the vigorous jerk that would land the red-breast on the bank. How I would exult over his size and beauty, and call to my father the glad news. Then we would both settle down and fish for another hour or so, until the fish quit biting for the morning, after which we would sit together on the old bridge and eat the

breakfast that Mother had put up for us before we left. How good it tasted! Sandwiches of home baked bread and fried ham, sweet potatoes, a few boiled eggs, and as a final treat, a great pile of luscious doughnuts. That was a feast! Since that time I have eaten the food from banquet tables, from the kitchens of noted hotels, and from many other places, but never have I eaten any food which I could compare in delectability with that which my Father and I found hid in the lunch basket when we went fishing.

There are many other memories associated with the trips to the fishing grounds, too many to be mentioned here. They too are memories that will never grow old—years will serve only to increase their clarity, and enhance their value, and I know that in the coming years I will long many times for the days when I was so happy and carefree. For the days when the first song of a mocking bird, and the first green on the trees meant that I could once more go fishing in the swamp where the red-breasts lived among the roots of the giant trees.





A HIKER'S SONG  
DICK WHITTINGTON

There's a lure for me in the wooded trail,  
O'er the hills and mountain high;  
There's a voice that calls to Nature's halls  
'Neath the canopy of the sky.

And I love to hike o'er the winding trail  
When the day has first been born,  
And everywhere through perfumed air  
Float voices of the morn.

The streams that I cross as I hike along  
Laugh up at the azure sky,  
And I drink my fill of the laughing rill  
Where the shadows coolly lie.

Then on the top of a mountain peak  
I love to lie and dream,  
And dreaming gaze through the fragrant haze  
At the distant mountain stream.

The thing that calls to the wooded trail,  
Is a lure I cannot deny,  
And my heart beats strong as I hike along  
O'er a trail 'neath the open sky.



## ENGINEERS TWO

J. W. BAUER, '25

The news was spread around the section that there was a chance for two of the number to get some work for three days with a consulting engineer from Charlotte at Highland, N. C. As the trip was a long one and the work to be done was along the line of our studies for the next semester, two of Professor Clark's embryonic engineers decided to make a try at it. So, after the permit had been granted and all preparations made, we tried to start the "puddle-skipper" and had a stormy time of it. At last, however, we finally got it shoved down a hill and she made a big fuss about not wanting to go but gave us a surprise as we ran. We were sent off with dire predictions for the failure of the trip by a person who had helped us get the piece of junk rolled down the hill. The radiator leaked and the engine had a knock in it which sounded like a battery of machine guns doing rapid fire or a battery of compressed air hammers on a riveting job. We stopped in Seneca to see if we could get the radiator fixed and while waiting for the man to look it over we paid a visit to the other engineer's girl. We hated to leave the store where she was working but had to go. "The bus could not be fixed" was the verdict so we checked out as she was.

After stopping at various times to fill the radiator, to clean the magneto point and to turn the car "hind end foremost" in order to go up a hill which was more than ordiarily steep, we finally found ourselves stranded on the side of a mountain with complete darkness around us. And gee! but it was cold. As the gas was too low in the tank for it to feed to the engine on that grade, we had to leave it there and walk on. Our shank mares got tired and as luck would have it, we were only

about four miles from our destination which we reached in about an hour and a half. The lady of the house where we were to stay had gone to bed and had given up all hopes of our coming until the next day. We hated to roust her out of bed at that hour but we had to. We needed a good bed and something to eat and believe me -- we got it! Such a supper at a moment notice! What couldn't she do when she had time! We got to bed after a while and soon slept the sleep of the tired.

The next morning after eating a hearty breakfast that was done justice to, we went down the mountain after the bus with a can full of gas. As luck would have it, she started very easily and came up under her own power of which it had plenty to spare. The work was then started and continued through Saturday. We had to run a line out to several springs and creek to measure the amount of water which was available from each and from which source the water could be run into town by gravity alone. The first line we ran was out to some springs near Short-off post-office. The quantity from these springs was not sufficient to supply the town and were rather inaccessible. The other line was run out to the head of Highlands Falls where the water was present sufficient to supply the town by gravity but the line had to cross Bear Pen Gap which was much higher than the top of the falls. So after all, our work did not do so much good.

The weather was fine but the wind was high and biting so that every bit of clothes we had was worn. On Saturday they even had a light fall of snow. That mountain wind can certainly cut a person through and through. To be out in the cold from early morning until dinner time certainly gave us all an appetite. We really slew the munificent dinners and suppers which we had served us. Our

hostess had no occasion to be ashamed of the way we let her meals go by. She is the best cook that I have ever known except that mother of mine. To one who has never been in the mountains in the winter time my advice is to try it once. The chances are that you will come back for more and maybe stay there. If there comes a chance for me to have my work in that sort of country, I am going to snatch that opportunity before it has a chance to leave. Or if my work takes me into the lowlands, I am going to take some days off and get to the mountains as fast as I can. If I have a better (or worse) half at that time she is going if I have to take her by the back of the neck and drag her there.

As for the benefit derived from the trip, I have only this to offer: that we came back physically and financially much better off than before. The evenings spent before a fire of large logs, pipe in mouth, dreaming of the future and the present and building castles in the flame were memorable and will linger long in the memory after other events have been long dead. Such a time is splendid for taking an inventory of one's self and of really knowing what you are and what you can become. Moments like the above are golden and permeate one's life like colored pictures on the drab wall of every day life. Memories blend with castles and bubbles that either burst or fade away and hopes blend with the dissappointments of the past. We have the chance to take such a voyage as that described in Roger's "Pleasure of Memory":

"Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,  
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,  
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,  
Blest with far greener shades, far lovelier  
flowers."

## A SONNET

ANONYMOUS

Faint echoes of a haunting laugh still echo  
In the hallways of hy inner heart,  
And all the silent broodings there dissemble  
That fresh and fainter echoes still may start.  
Years have slipped away since I first heard  
The joyous laughter that is still so sweet,  
And all the world does not contain the word  
Which can describe the music of its beat.  
A voice—A laugh, and then long years of waiting,  
'Till I once more can listen to the voice  
That through the hallways of my heart's vibrating,  
Making e'en my very blood rejoice.

Years pass—Life ebbs, and still I hope and wait  
For you, and Love proves stronger still than Fate.





## ON SMOKING A PIPE

## A PIPE SMOKER

The pure enjoyment which is derived from smoking a pipe, cannot be adequately put into words, though the learned men tell us that smoking is not good for the human organism, and that the nicotine which is given off from burning tobacco is deadly in effect. Somehow a pipe is a friendly sort of companion—a companion that needs but little attention, and that gives but little trouble. Unlike the majority of our human companions a pipe is silently sympathetic, never interrupting our most peaceful meditations with some banal statement or question, and never requiring anything save a supply of tobacco.

How comforting it is to come in from a day of hard work and disappointments and sit down for a while to enjoy the peaceful comfort of a pipe. With my pipe packed full of tobacco, giving off clouds of sweet fragrant smoke, my troubles seem to fade away, and many of the seeming dissappointments are changed into sorrows less potent—all of life seems sweeter when seen through a cloud of blue smoke, over the bowl of a favorite pipe.

I can remember how I used to look at the pipe-smoker with envious eyes and long for the day when I would be big enough to be allowed to start smoking, and how I used to slip off behind some convenient barn to enjoy the forbidden sweetness of a stolen smoke. Not tobacco, however, but some one of the substitutes which are so well known to boys of the age when voices are still unchanged, and the first long trousers are still in the future's store of treats.

I shall never forget the day when I "swiped" my father's pipe and tobacco, and went off with several



of the "gang" to experience the bliss which we were sure would come from smoking real tobacco in a real pipe. Everything went fine—for a while. How big we felt, and how important! How enviously we looked at the boy who managed to blow some of the acrid smoke through his nose! and how ardently we tried to emulate his example. That was during the first short while, then things changed. Somehow the smoke did not seem so delightful, and there was a vague sense of unrest generated in our whole systems. We would not surrender though, and each man tried to act still more familiar with the mysteries of the pipe to conceal his true state from his fellows. Soon, however, there were open manifestations of strange and violent discords within. Pale faces and sickly grins replaced the ruddy cheeks and confident smiles which had characterized the assembly at the beginning of the party. Suddenly one member of "the gang" gave a horrible moan and rushed off out of sight, then, one by one, others followed his example until I was left alone with the purloined pipe and the sack of tobacco. Then I grew sick, so sick that I even imagined that death would be a relief. All of the landscape was gyrating slowly and sickeningly before me as I lay there too utterly sick to even move. Finally the nausea passed, and I staggered to my feet to go in search of the rest of the fellows. At last we were assembled once more, pale-faced and sick. Then and there we swore a fearful oath that we would never touch a pipe again so long as we lived.

Years passed. "The gang" grew up and went into different parts of life's great scheme. Some of them went away to college, others went to work at home, and a few even took unto themselves a wife and settled down to lives of varying usefulness. Today I am wondering how many of them still keep the

pledge which we formulated when we were boys, and how many of them have put it aside and have learned the solid comfort which a good pipe holds for the smoker?

So, I defend the pipe smokers against all of the learned scientists of the world. What care I if I do absorb some of the deadly nicotine from the tobacco when this small harm is so far outweighed by the insurpassable enjoyment of smoking a sympathetic pipe? Surely life will not be appreciably shortened by smoking a pipe, when I derive such great and comforting satisfaction from the practice.

Too, a pipe is one of the greatest democratizing powers in all the world. From the rustic smoker with his cob pipe, to the man of great power and influence in the world of trade with their briar pipes, the principle works out exactly the same. Every man of the great army of pipe smokers enjoys the same privileges, experiences the same feelings of pleasure, and holds an equally high regard for the practice. All men are brought to one level in this practice, and are made brothers by their possession of a common habit.

The doctors may preach on the dangers of smoking from a physiological standpoint; the psychologists may predict dire happenings to the brain of the smoker, and all of the reformers may rant against a practice which they label as useless, and still I will cling to my pipe. I will hold to it because it is a friend that will not forsake me in time of trouble, nor embarrass me in time of need—a companion that knows the value of silence and the way to a MAN'S heart.

## THE EDISTO

ANONYMOUS

Down where the cypress trees and pines make long shadows on its waters, the Edisto flows—down through the low-lands and on to the sea at last. It is not a fast stream, nor a stream which possesses great potential energy, and yet in its clear depths many lovers have found beauty and strength—the strength needed for parting. For the Edisto is famed, and justly—for its great beauty.

On a moonlight night, when all the world is hushed and waiting for the night to pass, the moon seems to caress the Edisto, and to linger in its waters with the moonbeams making love to the ripples. Long, golden lanes are reflected on the rippling current, and over the whole scene the night wind makes sweet music through the towering pines and oak trees. Weird bird-calls can be heard on such a night, and occasionally a mocking-bird, mistaking the light of the moon for day, breaks into song and pours out his heart in rapturous music, singing a song which is world old and yet new—the song of love. Such a scene as this is not to be found in all parts of the world, only in the low country where the Edisto makes its way to the broad waters of the sea is it found.

But not in the moonlight alone is the river famed, for in its cool depths are to be found the red-breast, the fish of fish, whose flavor and delectability are surpassed by none other. On a clear day in the Spring, when the swamps are beginning to take on a fresh, green beauty, many fishermen venture out along the Edisto's banks. The little darkies with wooden pole, cotton string line, and bent pins for hooks, are to be found all along the edge of the stream fishing with an ardor that would do credit

to the most worthy disciples of Walton. Other fishermen too are to be found—ranging in age from the school boy who has been given a day off, to the stout, middle-aged men who are renewing their skill as catchers of the wily red-breast.

So, the Edisto is a stream of variety. A stream that is gloried in by the young and old alike, by rich and poor, by white and black. It is a beauty spot of a section of the country that is known as possessing little natural beauty.

There is an old song that has been written of the Edisto—a song for lovers, which portrays the sentimentality which is inspired by the river as it ripples its way along through the forests of pine and cypress and on down to the sea. Somehow this old tune is running in my head today, and I am transported once again to the banks of the old Edisto:

"Many changeful years have slipped into the Past,  
Since you and I once strolled together there.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Down on the old Edisto,  
We wandered there long ago,  
You a wee lassie full of joy,  
I a happy carefree boy—"

So a strange longing arises in my heart as I think of the charm that the Edisto once worked in my heart, the same charm that has affected many a heart before and after mine, for it is the charm of beauty. I want to go back to the old Edisto once more, and wander again down its banks with my fishing tackle, and feel once again the thrill that comes from landing a big one. But, years have wrought changes in my heart, and I know that now I could not enjoy the scenes as I once did when I was a "laughing, carefree" boy, with great dreams of the happiness that awaited me in the world which I was then so confidently facing, from my vantage point on the banks of the Edisto.





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## RETROSPECTION

And now the seniors have almost come to the end of the way. Soon they will be out in the world of activity, making a place for themselves, and probably for someone else too, if all reports are true. Somehow, the years have been short here. Time has passed all too quickly, and now at the very end of the journey, many of us wish that we could go back over the years which have passed so lightly into the irretrievable Past.

Perhaps we may not have been all that could be desired as a class, yet we have done what we could—being governed always by the traditions that make this college more desirable than any other, to us. So, as we indulge in a little harmless retrospection, we see with experienced eyes the many pitfalls which beset us, just as they are going to beset every class. You know them, carelessness, laziness, thoughtlessness, and all of the other temptations which lie in waiting for every man who en-



ters college. I wonder if it will help you men who are to stay after we leave, if we tell you that the greatest thing to be worked for in a college career, is the satisfaction that comes only from doing ones best! Of course, the old spirit of "getting by" is still ruling with autocratic hand, the activities on the campus. Still, the change to the "do my best" spirit must come some time if our Alma Mater is to be honored among the colleges of the South. So, free yourselves from the lethargy of the "getting by" spirit, and imbue your being with the "do-my-best" attitude, and when you have come so near to the end of your college life, perhaps there will not be so many vain regrets to assail you.

#### EDITORIAL

#### JOHN C. CALHOUN

Here at Clemson the name of Calhoun holds a special significance, for here it was that the great statesman settled down for a rest from his busy career. When Calhoun was born in the old Abbeville district on March 18, 1782, no one thought that he was destined to become South Carolina's greatest statesman. Yet, after years of preparation and work he arrived at the highest place ever occupied by a South Carolina statesman.

I take this space to pay a tribute to his memory. Here where we live in the shadow of his old home, we cannot but be affected with a feeling of almost reverence for the great man who gave his life so unselfishly to the great cause of Justice. His life was a great life, despite what many writers have said about him. His memory is a great memory, held to tenaciously by the people of South Carolina and of the South.

Jefferson Davis said, when Calhoun died, "He was taken from us like a summer dried fountain when our need was greatest, when his love of peace,

his administrative talent, and by his devotion to the Constitution might have averted collision. The South has lost her most trusted and honored leader, and his death has robbed the Senate of its greatest and purest statesman."

The perspective of the years serves only to increase his stature, for Calhoun was the type of man of which the poet spoke when he said,

"A prince once said of a monarch slain,  
'Taller he seems in death'".

### THE BOOK REVIEW DEPARTMENT

This issue of the Chronicle marks the beginning of a book review department, the purpose of which is twofold: first, to furnish information concerning the recent good novels and other books in the college library; and second, to open a new field of literary composition for the students.

That "misery seeks company" is an old adage; and likewise, a more admirable human trait is that we like to share our joys. And so, if amid the dozens of books that are well-nigh worthless you have found one that you think someone else would enjoy, the opportunity is here presented for you to tell why you like it and why you think it is worth reading.

From a literary standpoint a book review department offers a wide field of composition. A book review may range from a one-sentence judgement as to whether a certain book is good, very good, or excellent to an extended criticism that covers pages.

It is hoped that many students will evidence interest in this department both for the purpose of advertising the good books of the library and for aiding a new literary movement. The department is anxious to secure as many reviews as possible so that we can choose the best for publication. Quality, and to a less extent, space, of course, will limit the number printed.

—K. B. S.

## BOOK REVIEW DEPARTMENT

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THE GOSPEL OF THE PLOW

HIGGINBOTTOM

The author, sent out to carry on evangelistic work among the low-caste people of North India, is appointed teacher of economics in the college at Allahabad. This brings him into contact with India's real needs. The utilization of waste as carried out at the Naini Central Jail under the direction of an English medical officer impresses him with the fact that what is being done there could be carried on all over India. Training in agriculture seems to be the way out. India's poverty is due to the caste system, status fixed by birth alone, which limits production; to the great number of cattle allowed to grow old and diseased; and to the army of able-bodied men who are religious mendicants. Here where great variety and production of staple crops may be grown during the entire year from one of the richest of soils, the yield per acre and per man is the least of any civilized country. In general, the tools are the same used for generations. Farming has less caste restrictions than any other occupation. It is the main occupation and is likely to remain so and is the means of preventing India's periodical famines. Hence, after a course in agriculture at Ohio State University, and with funds provided by friends and others, Mr. Higginbottom purchased 275 acres of land near Allahabad and here was established an agricultural college. It is located on two main roads and serves as an object lesson to traders as well as to those who make pilgrimages to Allahabad. The British government started an agricultural department thirty years ago.

The book shows that there is a need for other than the ordained ministry to help the backward people of India. "India's need for other than the ordained ministry to help the backward people of India. "India's need and America's ability to meet that need in helping an ancient people to gain the fullest measure of human freedom" is the message of this very interesting book.

### THE GREAT HUNGER

BOJER

At the outset, Norway's great modern author gives us a glimpse of the maritime and rustic manners of his country. We are immediately interested in Peer Holm who from adverse circumstances, by energy and perserverance, wins an important position. As chief engineer at the First Cataract in Egypt, he acquires wealth. A loss of this fortune forces him to become a blacksmith in a country parish. This simple direct story, written with sympathy for mankind, carries the reader along with the hero who as a young man had dreams of power and conquest which seemingly have come to naught. One circumstance after another occurs in his quest for "some ultimate good which shall justify his existence" until the crisis is reached when a simple act statisfies his doubts. The beautiful language and thought of the author is shown in his conclusion "Honour to thee, O spirit of man. Thou givest a soul to the world, thou settest it a goal, thou art the hymn that lifts it into harmony, therefore turn back into thyself, lift high thy head and meet proudly the evil that comes to thee. Adversity can crush thee, death can blot thee out, yet art thou still unconquerable an eternal."



## GALAPAGOS

PEEBE

The author, a distinguished naturalist and curator of orithology of the New York Zoology Society, has given us a most interesting account of an expedition to a small group of islands five hundred miles off the coast of Ecuador. Although the stay on the islands was less than one hundred hours, the facts gathered form a valuable contribution to zoological and biological literature. Mr. Beebe has the ability to present scientific information in a literary way. We are transported to these far away places and through the magic of the author's charming literary style, living creatures are compelled to reveal their secrets to us. It is a book of description and adventure as well as history. Any one who likes adventure and is interested in the nature world would find this book very entertaining.

—M. B.

Note: The Book Review department needs student contributions.







He: Did you know the new postal laws prohibit the sending of love letters in the mails.

She:—No, Why?

He: To protect us males, they tell me!

---

“You’re the sweetest thing in the world to me,” said the tea to the sugar.

“That may be true,” said the sugar, “but you need stirring.”

---

“He spends most of his time around the links.”

“Enthusiastic golfer, eh?”

“No, sausage manufacturer.”

---

Sick man: “I feel as though I’ve been thru Hades!”

Friend (at bedside): “Now, Bill, you musn’t go crossin’ yer bridges before you come ter them.”

Prof. (in zoology lab): "What insect lives on the least food?"

Bright Pupil: "The moth. It eats holes."

---

Col: "Is it true that you beat up a student on the campus today?"

Student: "Sir, I cannot tell a lie, the answer is in the Infirmary."

---

Jo: "What's your idea of a long hard pull?"

Bo: "Smoking a three-foot clay pipe."

---

"Who got the Athletic Ball at the prom?"

---

She thinks:

A mascot is something to sleep on.

An itching palm is a tropical plant.

Hyacinth is a French intoxicant.

A mariner is a man who ties matrimonial knots.

—Ex.

---

### WIDOW WEEPS

An autoist raced with a south-bound train.

(Oh hear his widow sigh.)

He thought he could win at the crossing.

But, alas! it was only a tie.

---

Frosh: It looks like rain.

No. 2: What looks like rain?

Frosh: Water.

First Youngster: "Say do you believe in Satan?"

Second: "Naw. It's just like this Santa Claus business; it's your father."

---

Teacher: "Why were you late this morning?"

Boy: "Well, you see it was raining so my alarm clock forgot to get up."

Teacher: "Your alarm clock forgot to get up?"

Boy: "Yeah. He's a rooster."

---

### MOST OF THE CONCEPTIONS

"What do these sporting writers mean when they mention the "Big Three?"

"Why, Wine, Women and Song, of course."

---

He: Say kid, would you like to see something swell?

She: Oh, yes.

He: You just drop these beans in the water and watch them.

---

"Some vegetables sure are large."

"How so?"

"I've seen three or four policemen asleep on a single beet."

---

"What are you doing now?"

"Farming."

"Pretty wet out your way?"

"A little, ariplane flew across there the other day and his shadow bogged up."

## MEASURE IN ALL THINGS

Father—"Remember, son, beauty is only skin-deep."

Son—"That's deep enough for me. I'm no cannibal."

---

Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum.

Family Flees Fires Caused by Flue Flaw.

---

## OUR MEDIEVAL POET

The boy stood on the burning deck,

His feet were full of blisters.

He tore his pants on a rusty nail,

And had to wear his Sister's

---

Riff: "Who was the peach I saw you with yesterday?"

Raff: "She wasn't a peach. She was a grapefruit."

Riff: "Why a grapefruit?"

Raff: "I squeezed her and she hit me in the eye."

---

Every seat in the grandstand and bleachers were filled. No seats were obtainable after 4:15 o'clock in the evening. Hundreds of persons were turned down for seats.

---

An old negro woman was taking the last look at the remains of her departed husband. "Po' Rastus", said she, "I suah hopes you ain't gwine to where Ah spec' dat you has."

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*His pleasure was profound  
Through the many years,  
Of it ever as I dwell  
I have's his place like here.*

1925





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## MOTHER DEAR

E. W. CULLER, '28

---

'Tis Mother, dear, so young, so fair  
Her cherished smile, her loving care.  
'Tis that pure soul that never grows old—  
Finer than the richest gold.  
Thou art the symbol of love so true  
It's you Mother, dear, just you.

'Tis Mother, near, so very near  
That day by day she brings me cheer.  
Her word to me will ever be  
A guide upon life's rugged sea.  
The sweetest flower I ever knew—  
It's you, Mother, dear, just you.

## TEXTILE INDUSTRY IN ANDERSON COUNTY

---

J. M. PRUITT, '26

---

Anderson County, situated in the upper western portion of South Carolina, ranks fifth among the many counties of the state in wealth per capita. This high rating is due largely to the development of the leading industry of the County, textiles.

For the proper development of an industry, there are a number of things that must be favorable to its growth. Anderson County is very fortunate in that she has all these necessities to an appreciable extent. First, there must be a sufficient amount of capital with which to pay the first costs of the machinery; second, there must be a supply of efficient labor; third, there should be an abundance of raw material close at hand and last, there should be good transportation facilities. Of the above named necessities Anderson County has plenty of all except the last. The railroad facilities are not so good as they could be, but the railroads are very efficient in the discharge of their part of the work in developing the textile industry. There is practically an unlimited supply of available electric power at a comparatively low price.

The first cotton mill that was erected in Anderson County was incorporated in the year 1838 under the name of "The Pendleton Manufacturing Company." This mill is still in operation under the same name. It is located at Autun. The power is that produced by two massive water-wheels. This mill contains 3,300 ring and 500 twister spindles. There are approximately 100 people employed by this mill. The chief products are yarn and bags.

The next mill to be incorporated in the early days of the new industry is the largest mill in the County



today. The present capital of the mill is around \$3,000,000. This goes to show that we have some large enterprises in our county. This mill has grown from a very small factory to its present size in less than fifty years. It was named Pelzer Manufacturing Company in honor of its founder, Capt. F. J. Pelzer. This mill was incorporated in 1881. It is located at Pelzer, a town composed almost entirely of mill people. The company, owns the entire town of Pelzer which comprises of over 2000 acres of land, 700 tenant houses, about fifteen stores, twenty-five warehouses, four mills, and other small houses. The 135,000 spindles are run by sixteen boilers, nine water wheels, and a great deal of electric power. The main products of this mill are sheeting, drills and shirtings.

In 1889 there were two mills incorporated in the County. They were The Anderson Mills and the Riverside Manufacturing Company. These mills have a capital of about a million dollars each. The Anderson Mills produce print goods, pajama checks, bandage cloths, and sheetings. The Riverside Mills produce yarns, which are sold to other mills to be woven. These mills are located at Anderson. The Riverside Manufacturing Company has a branch plant located at Pendleton under the same name. This branch plant which was incorporated in 1903, produces cotton yarns.

The year 1899 saw the incorporation of two more of the largest mills of the county, the Orr Cotton Mills at Anderson and the Belton Mills at Belton. The Orr Mills have a capital of two million dollars. The power is produced by electricity and stream. It produces an excellent quality of print cloths and dimity. If I have not been misinformed, a number of the looms are turning out broadcloth. The Belton Mills operate with a capital of about three million

dollars, and they produce shirting, sheeting, and drills.

Two of the smaller mills of the County are the Toxaway Mills at Anderson and the Williamston Mills at Williamston, both of which were incorporated in 1900, with a capital of around 500,000 dollars each. They manufacture print goods.

The Chiquola Mills at Honea Path were incorporated in the year 1902 with a capital of \$716,000. These mills produce print goods.

The Gluck Mills near Anderson and the Jackson Mills at Iva are the next mills to be erected in the County. The Gluck Mills, even though they are rather small, are the first mills that began the tendency towards fine goods. They were incorporated in 1903. Their capital at present is around 500,000 dollars. Their product is fine lawns. The Iva Mills, incorporated in 1905, produce print goods. Their capital is about four hundred thousand dollars. The Brogan Mills near Anderson have a capital of nearly two million dollars. They have a modern bleachery and a dying plant. Their chief products are outing flannels both bleached and dyed. The Equinox Mills, incorporated in 1914 with a capital of 300,000 dollars, are producing some very fine duck cloth. Only recently a consignment of this duck was shipped to New York to be used for awnings for the famous Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

Besides all the above named mills that produce cloth, there are a number of mills that produce knitted hosiery, carpets, twine, may yarn, ropes, and turkish towels. The Anderson Hosiery Mill and the Hetric Hosiery Mill produce the hosiery. The Conneross Mill produces the twine, ropes and the carpets. The Blair Mills of Belton are the only mills in South Carolina that produces turkish towels exclusively.

Anderson has a bright future in the production of finished goods. With her natural advantages, she will make great strides in the cotton manufacturing industry within the next few years. At present Anderson ranks third in the textile industry in South Carolina. There are about nineteen mills operating full time, some of them operating at night.

The Welfare Work in the mill villages of Anderson is very great. Practically all the mills have complete sewerage systems, churches, schools and everything that goes to make a life worth living. They have libraries of their own. The athletic fields of the villages are among the best in the State. Practically all of them have playgrounds. The mill children make up one third of the number of high school students at Anderson.

The largest mill school in the State is located at Pelzer. At this school the children have the best teachers that can be secured. A largely attended class for the adults is taught free at night. In the majority of the villages a trained nurse is to be found looking after the health of the workers. The villages are all lighted with street lights, and the houses are electrically lighted.

The years 1920 and 1921 saw a great many improvements made in the environment of the mill life. Community halls were built and most of the houses were remodeled and painted.

As the time passes, Anderson County will rank much higher in the new industry that is already her leading industry.

**MY HANDS**

---

"HARDLUCK HAL", '26

---

My heart turns sick as I sit and look  
At these soft white hands of mine.  
More accustomed they've grown to the page of a  
book  
Than the axe or the hard plowline.

O, what's the use of it all, I wonder?  
This "drinking of knowledge from a can?"  
I ought to be learning by error and blunder  
The lessons so valued by man.

I'm ashamed of my hands when I see the men  
Who labor and sweat all day!  
I'm sick to death of pushing a pen  
And drawing no honest pay!

I'm out of my place in this muck and moil  
Of knowledge and teachers and books,  
I need a spell of honest toil  
A'swinging the sharp log hooks.

Then, when the long hard day was done  
And I loked at my horny hands,  
I could say that my rest was fairly won;  
I had met the world's demands!

## TODAY! TODAY!

---

CLAUDE TEMPLE

---

Today  
We tread these paths  
That fathers, uncles, brothers,  
All have trod before;  
Linger in the shadows  
On cool and gentle nights;  
Watch with brooding eyes of longing  
The twinkling of the barracks' lights.  
We tread these same old paths—  
Feel friendship's ruddy glow—  
Idle away these hours  
Never thinking—  
Will it be ever so?  
Yet,  
Over the hill looms tomorrow,  
Come like a conqueror  
To send us singly to exile  
In a hard, cold world, and grim  
As the dank old mansions of Poe.  
The present—  
Lightly resting in our fingers—  
Let us grip it tighter;  
Bind us cords of friendship  
Forge us bonds of contact  
That will last unruined through the years;  
That will never ravel to a thread!



## CRIMSON LOVE

---

HUGH S. KIZER, '26

---

"John Dunbar, wait there!" yelled Irvin Wallace, as he emerged from the chattering groups of Cedartown high school seniors, who were rapidly dispersing from their last official class meeting. Little did the crowd notice the sudden departure of Irvin. The anticipation of the picnic on tomorrow completely drove away the trace of sadness generally present on such occasions.

John Dunbar, the football hero of the Class of '24 and the original girl hater, stopped. Without turning his head he stood still, surveying first the sky and then the ground, until his friend, Irvin Wallace, rushed up.

"John," he began, "what about taking a girl to the picnic tomorrow? And, John, the entire class want you to go—besides, it will be our last time together."

"Some frame-up I guess," he leisurely answered, the blood rushing to his tanned face.

"No but—"

"A chance to call me ladies' man, eh?" John coldly interrupted.

"Not at all. We all know that you have a unique record in the realm of girls and love affairs."

But this was enough for John. His rugged, reddened countenance, now covered with large drops of unnatural perspiration, indicated that nature's sweet laws of love, were battling down the last strongholds of a stubborn and resolute heart.

"Well," he slowly began, "seems like this practice of going with the girls is about as universal as eating. And following in the wake of the history of the world, I guess I could take a girl."

"Good! good!" exclaimed Irvin, "Bye, bye—will see you and yours tomorrow." Cheerfully smiling, Irvin turned away.

"Good-bye," John curtly added, wheeling to his right and starting slowly up the street.

Walking briskly and with a lengthened pace, he was soon well on his way home. He soon struck up a sweet little love song, but getting no satisfaction quickly turned to a muffled soliloquy.

"This here messing with the ladies," he started, "will never get you anywhere. But I do know that it will make a man loathe food, and it will bring tears from deeper depths of the human heart than any other thing. Such stuff for me? No. I am going to fulfill my promise—come what may."

The flood of mellow sunbeams which made their way through the gray mist, announced the dawn of a new day to quiet Cedartown. Before the smiling sun had driven the cool mist away, the many cars carrying the happy seniors to their last picnic filed away in a long procession from the old gray school building. Leading this happy procession was Irvin's frisky little "Ford." Lagging behind as a rear guard, was John's little green racer.

"I am going to fulfill my promise—come what may," and surely he was; for cuddled down by John's side was the beautiful little blushing blonde, Celeste Haley.

Celeste was the most popular, and certainly the prettiest member of the class of '24. Of only eighteen summers, with lovely blue eyes, pearly white teeth, light bobbed hair, and rosy cheeks that harbored two little playful dimples—who asked where her beauty lay? As she leisurely tossed a pink rose bud from hand to hand, and exchanged amorous smiles with John, they began to lag behind.

Every passing minute increased the distance between them and the procession of cars ahead.

"Celeste," began John, breaking the deep silence, "why do you suppose that of all the smiles that one encounters in the world, there is one girl and one alone, whose smiles seem to beckon him 'come?' "

"Speed up, John. We are dropping far behind," returned Celeste, coyly evading the question. Turning his flushed face to the right and apparently looking far into the dim future, it was plain that John had aimed the question at her and had scored a bulls eye.

"Yes, we better had," he returned, raising his eyes just in time to see the vanishing car before him swerve around a sharp curve, and apparently plunge into the green woods.

Ceasing his conversation, John devoted his attention to feeding gas to the hungry motor. Responding readily, the roaring motor, quivering on its supports, sent the car over the level road with great momentum. Still going with unchecked speed, John in some miraculous way wheeled his car around the sharp curve on the edge of the woods.

"Look out! Look out!" shouted Celeste, as the speeding car struck a small poodle dog, dashing a broken and bleeding body into the shallow ditch.

"What is it? Where is it?," he quickly asked, bringing the speeding car to an abrupt halt.

"Go ahead. It was nothing. You just knocked a dirty poodle into the ditch. Had no business in the road anyway."

"Wonder if it is dead?" John asked pitifully, throwing his car in reverse and fixing his eager eyes upon the ditch. He moved slowly back about ten yards.

There in the dusty brown bottom of the ditch lay the crushed and bleeding form of the little dusty dog. With its blinking eyes turned to its Master and the warm blood trickling from its mouth, falling and clotting in the brown dust; the poodle, only a dumb animal, lay dying.

Warm tears filled John's clear gray eyes, as he watched the little dog draw what seemed to be its last breath.

"I cannot leave. It is my task to help," he calmly said, in deep emotion. "The road is too narrow to turn in. So, Celeste, won't you wait here a few minutes, while I run back to the farmhouse up the road and do a little something for this suffering creature?"

Celeste bit her tongue to keep down a few harsh words, as a rage of anger, followed by disgust, swept her brow. "Why did I come out with such a dog flop such as you," she added in a monotone when John was well out of hearing distance.

With the soft body of the dog twitching under his arm, and the warm blood oozing into his hand that was supporting the small aching head, John made his way towards the farmhouse. The nauseating odors of the clotting blood penetrated his nostrils, and his bleeding heart, cut by Celeste's indifference made him often think of dashing the wounded poodle to an early death. He soon caught sight of the cozy farmstead nestled among the swaying trees, and merely the sight brought a ray of joy to his troubled heart.

John now fixed his weary eyes on the rapidly approaching car that came gliding down the road, leaving a cloud of dust in its wake. As the car came nearer, John saw that it was Albert Winder, a life insurance agent who had recently come to



Cedartown; and one of the biggest crooks and drunkards of North America. He didn't even turn his haughty head as he whizzed by and soon disappeared around the sharp curve on the edge of the woods.

"Good morning, Celeste," he said lightly, bringing his car to a halt a few feet behind John's racer, which was in the center of the road.

"Need any help?"

"No, not exactly."

"Then why are you here?" asked Albert, alighting from his car.

"Oh, fool-like I stated to a picnic at Sugar Springs, along with that flop, John Dunbar. Guess you met him hustling a dirty poodle dog up the road, didn't you?"

Albert Winder had wished for such an opportunity since the time he had first met Celeste Haley. At last the time had come.

Albert, being a life insurance agent and consequently possessed of a sweet fluent line, saw his opportunity. Celeste, the inhabitant of a small town, was just like all other such girls—ready to go with almost any kind of stranger and let the home boys decorate the walls.

Fate had done her share in bringing them together. Human nature did the rest, in effecting a happy agreement between Celeste and Albert.

Albert was to take her on to Sugar Springs, which he declared lay in his course. He was to come back by that afternoon and take her back home.

Having come to this agreement, Albert helped Celeste into his car, shoved John's car out of the road into the ditch, cranked up his car vaulted into the seat beside Celeste, and hastily sped off.

John left the farm-house with a heavy heart, the



poodle having died in spite of all he could do. As he neared the green woods, his heart was lightened by the thought of what he had tried to do even though he had failed.

"What in the world has happened?" John timidly murmured, hastily approaching his empty car in the ditch. Upon coming closer to his stranded car, he spied a small note under a wrench that lay on the seat. He picked the note up and read: "Nurse your dog. You care nothing for me. Am gone on. Celeste Haley.

"And I am going back home," John calmly said, dropping the note carelessly into the gutter; and accordingly, he set to work lifting his car out of the ditch. Being fully absorbed in his work, which was now becoming tedious, John unconsciously began to sing: "Love can bridge the distance weary; bring me close again to you."—Then he suddenly stopped, and a sickly smile clouded his face.

Washed down in perspiration, and with his disheveled hair falling down over his forehead, John reached Cedartown about high noon. Taking a back street he reached his home and immediately sought a place of seclusion.

The bright western sky became veiled early that afternoon with a dark blue storm cloud. The bright sunshine was now changed to a dusty twilight, which seemed to settle over the town. Cool western breezes coming in spurts and gushes added new life to the small children that ran and shouted for joy.

John leaned heavily against the lamp post that stood before the Central Drug Co. He was intently watching the rapidly approaching storm.

"Dere's dat picnic crowd, jest in time," said Uncle Joe Bunyon, rising from his dry goods box

seat, and stroking his long gray beard.

John turned toward the street and watched the long procession of cars pass one by one. The last car passed, but no Celeste.

John straightened up suddenly. His heart began to beat in spasms. A cold chill of fear swept over his entire body. The thought, "where is Celeste?" flashed into his mind.

His fears vanished, as his straining eyes caught sight of Celeste in the approaching car; and he sank back to his original position.

The car was creeping slowly along. Albert's head was turned to Celeste, as he spoke to her in low tones that signified love.

When Celeste recognized John, she blushed and turned her head abruptly away. A guilty conscience that burned her stubborn heart, made the sight of John unpleasant to her eyes.

"So he is the one," began John, turning his footsteps towards home. "The biggest drunkard on God's green earth. But perfectly natural, as it seems that the lure of the unknown has become a passion among the girls of the small towns." His speech was here interrupted, when a flurry of rain drops swept over, giving warning of the storm.

That night neither John nor Celeste gained the blessed rest that comes from gentle undisturbed sleep.

John rolled and tumbled. No position was comfortable. The thought that Celeste had taken the drunkard, Albert Winder, in preference to him, worried him almost to death. Could this fact alone cause such agony? The cause, even though he might have been unaware of it, is summed up in one word, Love.

And there was no rest for Celeste. Her conscience was nearly killing her, as it told her over

and over that she had treated John shabbily. Lying there peering out into the dark silence, she longed for the dawn of the new day.

The old clock in the hall struck four. Sleep had not come to John yet.

"What's the use of lying here in misery?," gasped John, slipping out of bed and jerking on his clothes.

He glided silently out of the house and set out for a walk around the blocks. Thinking that the darkness would ease his troubled mind and pass off the weary moments, he struck out for a brisk walk.

"Oh, God, for daylight!" he gasped, as he hurried along through the darkness.

The sky above his head was covered with a black boisterous cloud, which threatened to send rain any minute. Faint streaks of lightning played among the boiling, thundering clouds.

These conditions meant nothing to John, as he walked lightly over the wet pavement. What could he do to get his mind a thousand miles away?

Just as he turned up Rosewood Avenue, upon which, about a hundred yards above him stood the beautiful home of James Haley, Celeste's father, he was blinded by the headlights of an approaching car. The car, going at a tremendous rate of speed, swerved and crashed into the light post which stood before Mr. Haley's gate. The limp body of the driver, the intoxicated Albert Winder, fell from the heap of wreckage upon the wet pavement.

"It's Albert Winder," John exclaimed, as he reached the unconscious body of Albert lying in the gore of its own blood.

A large gash in his forehead was bleeding furiously, and the rain, just beginning, washed the blood in thin sheets off the sidewalk into the gutter.

The same hands that had grasped the poodle now grasped the dying man. Turning quickly, as the rain began to descend in torrents, John dragged the unwieldy body up into Mr. Haley's porch and laid it gently down.

Mr. Haley, summoned by the door bell, soon appeared, rubbing his sleepy eyes. John was now working diligently over the wounded man, with a pocket handkerchief that was soaked with blood.

"Call the ambulance. Get some ammonia quick—will answer questions later," John Blurted out, continuing his work with more speed than ever.

Mr. Haley, perceiving Albert's condition, dashed back into the house. He quickly returned with the family medicine chest, which he had torn off the wall.

Mr. Haley and John were soon working diligently over the reviving man. John was bandaging his cut head, and Mr. Haley was giving the ammonia.

Celeste, being awake and hearing the noise, soon appeared in the doorway. She was dumbfounded as she gazed first at Albert, then at John. "Oh! John, please come here," she managed to say, almost choking at times.

John, recognizing the voice, turned and calmly answered, "I can't; it is my task to help." Then he turned to his work again.

The same identical words that brought on anger and disgust the preceding day. How strange! Celeste wondered if John had remembered these words or if they had come naturally from his lips. Nevertheless, these words now burned into the very depths of her guilty heart. Her heaving breast indicated that emotions arose in her heart which she strove to repress.

The ambulance arrived. The attendants carefully laid Albert on the stretcher and covered him up.

Lightly they picked up the stretcher and started to the waiting ambulance. John and Mr. Haley followed.

Celeste stepped from the doorway and caught John's arm. She pulled him gently away from the procession.

Putting her trembling white hands on his shoulders, she pushed him up under the green canopy of rose vines on the porch. John was seemingly helpless, because he dared not touch her with his bloody hands, which dangled by his side.

The cool raindrops, beating through the profusion of beautiful roses created a fragrant spray that fell gently upon their heads. Celeste, hanging on to his neck, with tears flowing down her pale cheeks, turned her eyse up into his and began: "O-o-oh John, ca-can you e-e-ever forgive me?" Though muffled with sobs, the words came from her heart.

John lowered his head—and the answer, though by action, under the cool and fragrant spray, strewed roses in their troubled hearts, far more beautiful than those above them.





## ODE TO TOM BONNER'S PIPE

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H. S. GAULT, '28

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To thee O, staunch and faithful friend  
We now much homage pay;  
For thou to us a pal hath been,  
Through many a lonesome day.

Thy fumes have soothed our troubled brain.  
And chased away our care;  
And when alone despair we fought—  
Without fail you were there.

Although your aged stem is cracked;  
Your bowl caked with P. A;  
You're just as dear to us as if  
We had bought you to-day!

For if a man in life should work  
Until his age was ripe—  
What would the whole world profit him  
If he should lose his PIPE?



IS THERE?

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M. B. KIRTON, '25

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Is there aught more beautiful than love, dear,  
Or a love more beautiful than ours?

. . . . .

The gods send beauty in sun-shafts  
To the hearts of the golden flowers,  
And enshrine its splendor forever  
In the pearls of the dew-drop hours.  
The wild-winds sing of the rose-dawn,  
Of the tall trees lifting like towers;  
They sing of the mystic beauty  
And the charm of leaf-kissed showers;  
Of the silver notes of song-birds  
That trill from fragrant bowers,  
Touching ever upon our heart-strings  
Pleading ever of Beauty's bowers—

. . . . .

Yet, is there aught more beautiful than love dear,  
A love more beautiful than ours—?



**JOHN C. CALHOUN**  
**South Carolina's Exponent of States Right**

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L. R. BOOKER, '25

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History furnishes no nobler example than that of John C. Calhoun, who so unselfishly sacrificed his ambition in the service of his native land—the South. He has been pictured as holding in one hand the Constitution, and in the other symbolic truth, justice, and the violated rights of the South, the land that he loved with a passionate devotion. Well might South Carolina, and indeed the South, honor him who fought so courageously for their cause and who defended so staunchly the justice of their actions.

John C. Calhoun was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, March 18, 1782. His father was Patrick Calhoun, who had previously immigrated to South Carolina from Virginia. His mother was Martha Caldwell, a very intellectual woman, who reared young Calhoun in accordance with right principles and sound thinking.

Patrick Calhoun was not educated and, consequently, he did not fully realize the importance of educating his children. However, Patrick Calhoun died when John was thirteen years of age, and the lad's mother sent him to a school conducted by a Mr. Waddell, a very famous schoolmaster of his day. Here young Calhoun learned reading, writing, and arithmetic, and showed early aptitude for study and a desire for learning. When one realizes that Calhoun later became the greatest debater our country has ever produced, it seems strange that he at first suffered an impediment of speech. He, however, by constant practice soon overcame that difficulty.

After learning all he could at Waddell's school, Calhoun returned to his home and helped run the

plantation. His mother soon learned to place full dependence upon him, for he was very efficient as manager of the farm.

Young Calhoun, however, was desirous of educating himself further; so he entered Yale in the year 1802. He was so far advanced that he was able to enter the Junior class of that famous institution. He graduated from Yale in 1804. Just before his graduation he had an argument on politics with Mr. Dwight, then President of Yale. Calhoun disputed so able as to wring from that worthy the prediction that some day he would be elected to the presidency of the Union. How close did this prediction come to fulfillment in after years when Calhoun was at one time the most popular man in the country, and had been nominated for the presidency.

Having finished his course at Yale, Calhoun entered the Litchfield Law School, and it was there that he got the finishing touches that made him so polished in speech and eloquent in argument.

Calhoun had now reached maturity. In person he was a tall man, standing six feet two inches in height. He was gaunt and rather thin, but bore himself erect and always walked with a firm tread. He had an unusually large head with a broad and high forehead. His long hair fell in great masses over his temples. Calhoun's eyes were his most distinguishing feature. They were large and brilliant, and they fairly shone with the burning fires of his mental processes. The mouth was inflexible. While some are likely to think Calhoun too serious, he was in truth very kindly in nature, and he liked nothing better than to engage in conversation with young men. When excited in debate or under the stimulus of interest, every feature showed thought and nobility of character. Calhoun was the model of courtesy and was a gentleman at all times. In

after years when a member of Congress, he never liked to make a speech without preparing it, for he thought it discourteous to speak on a question without first studying it thoroughly. In taste Calhoun was very plain, and always wore a suit of black broadcloth, with hat and shoes to match.

Calhoun was admitted to the Abbeville bar in 1807, and from the first his success as a lawyer was assured. It did not take him long to work up a splendid practice, and he was looked upon everywhere as a promising young man who would some day reach the heights in his chosen profession.

Strange though it may seem, Calhoun did not like the practice of law. He wished to enter politics, for it was in the political field that he thought he could make best use of his talents. So, in accordance with his views, he entered the race for the State Legislature and was elected to that body in 1808. Thus began Calhoun's political career which was to carry him to the heights in that field, even to being considered for the presidency of the United States.

Calhoun was successful in the legislature, and it was only natural that the citizens of his district should desire to honor him further; so, when only twenty-eight years old, he entered the race for Congress and was elected by a large majority.

It was the year 1810 that Calhoun entered Congress. There he came in contact with all the great men of his day, but there were none who could vie with the youthful South Carolinian in brilliance and genius. Calhoun threw his lot with Clay, Cheves, and Lowndes, who at that time composed the War party in Congress; and it was not long before his strong personality, his masterful eloquence, and keen foresight carried him to the front. It was Calhoun who defended the War Party against all opponents.



when war was declared on England in 1812; it was he that showed our citizens must be protected, and that foreign powers must recognize the United States as a nation capable of protecting its honor.

The popularity of Calhoun continued to grow, and he soon commanded a large following. His interpretation of the Constitution and his high sense of honor and justice, caused him to be looked upon as a favorite for the office of President. Monroe made him Secretary of War during his administration, and his conduct in that office won for him the highest praise. He established the army on a firm foundation, and under his guiding hand it became a real fighting unit. He also caused military roads to be built and maps made for guidance.

The citizens of South Carolina nominated Calhoun for the presidency, and several other Southern States immediately did likewise. He finally withdrew his name from the race for the presidency, but was elected vice-president. He served eight years as vice-president. This eight years as vice-president gave Calhoun the opportunity of study that he had not found while a member of the House. The Constitution demanded most of Calhoun's study and attention. The more he studied that great document, the more he was awakened to the rights of the States.

The greatest service that Calhoun performed was his fight against high tariff. The Northern members of Congress were constantly introducing resolutions and bills for a high tariff. The North had many manufacturing interests and of course wished to protect them; furthermore, the North had begun to grow jealous of the South. After the War of 1812, a brisk trade sprang up between Great Britain and, as a consequence, the South was becoming wealthy. The North thought that, by imposing a

high duty on both imports and exports, this trade would be broken up. Slavery was at the back of it all. Both the North and the South desired political supremacy, and since the South had held it so long, the North was intensely jealous. When the question of admitting new states arose in Congress, there were always debates between the two sections of the country as to whether or not to allow the state to enter as a slave holding or as a free state. As the West began to build, the North gradually began to gain in power, and the South saw with dread that she would soon be at the mercy of the North.

Although Calhoun was in position to become next president of the Union, he was not willing to stand and see his beloved land trampled on, and even though he had to sacrifice his great ambition, he did not hesitate to condemn the policy of the North, and gradually changed over from his old position of advocating strong Federal Government to the one of States Right. In Calhoun the South found her ablest defender; he was untiring in his efforts to secure justice for his beloved South; his eyes flashed with fire as he denounced the tariff as unconstitutional and as an oppressive piece of legislation. Of one accord the Southern States looked to him as a champion of their rights and defender of their cause. The trust was not misplaced. Calhoun fought bravely and courageously, and even to his death, he did not let up in his relentless attack on the high tariff.

Some of Calhoun's opponents were disposed to taunt him for his change, but he showed his courage and nobility of character in the way he bore such attacks. "The Constitution is my letter of instructions," he proudly said, and he meant it.

Resolutions of protest having failed to provide relief for the Southern States, South Carolina decided not to trade with any of the Northern States, and

drafted the famous "Exposition" which was prepared by Calhoun. Other Southern States were called upon by South Carolina to act as she had done, but the request met with only half-hearted support.

Matters grew worse and the South was kept in a state of wrath by the introduction of new tariff bills; but with the inauguration of Jackson as President, the South felt sure that he, being a Southerner, would provide relief. But Jackson, to the amazement of the whole South, supported the high tariff measures. This was the breaking point. South Carolina indignantly passed the Nullification Act, and under Calhoun's guiding hand, prepared to defend her actions. The Nullification Act declared null and void any acts of Congress imposing duty on anything exported from or imported into the State of South Carolina. Calhoun was still vice-president, but he kept a keen eye on the events pertaining to his State, and it was his influence that caused the passing of the Nullification Act. He resigned his office as vice-president, and took his seat in the Senate where he could better defend South Carolina's action on the floors of Congress.

Jackson asked that he be given power to send troops in order to subdue South Carolina. Calhoun fought strenuously against the idea of granting the President such power. He rose to almost unattainable heights in his magnificent denunciation of the President for seeking a course which would destroy all States' Rights and consolidate despotic power in the hands of the Federal Government. That speech on the Force Bill is an imperishable monument of the loyalty and courage, intelligence and foresight, genius and influence of Calhoun. He pictured the Force Bill as being "a chain forged and fitted to the limbs of the States, and hung up to be used when the occasion may require." Even Webster could not

make a reply to that famous speech, for Calhoun had made clear the theory of our Government and the rights of each State to judge of infraction of the Constitution and the mode of redress.

Though getting old and weak, Calhoun still had a heart of courage and was always in the midst of any argument in behalf of his State. His voice had begun to fail him, but even that did not prevent his attacking, with all the vigor he could, any bill or resolution aimed to injure the South. Staunchly did he face the prejudiced members of Congress from the North, and defy them to prove that he was doing otherwise than following the letters of the Constitution.

Calhoun did not fight in vain, for he had made so clear the defense of the Southern States that Congress saw that some kind of relief had to be granted. So, as a consequence of Calhoun's defense of Nullification and of his fiery debates against high tariff, a compromise was effected, in which the tariff was reduced, and was so rearranged that at the end of ten years it would be entirely abolished.

It was a great victory for the South, and the credit for it all is due to Caloun. If it was a victory for the South, it was even a greater one for Calhoun, though acquired at a great sacrifice. It was because of his splendid sacrifice of self, because of his noble fight for the rights of States, because of his unselfishness and devotion to his beloved Southland, that he sacrificed his ambition ever to become President of the United States. He had chosen the side of justice and rights, rather than the side that would gain for him a high office. A noble warrior indeed, who loved justive and freedom, and whose platform was the Constitution.

At the end of the ten years when the Compromise ended, the tariff was again raised so high as



to cause indignation in the South, and there was talk of secession. The ever watchful, the ever devoted Calhoun cautioned patience, and it was again through his influence that the tariff was again reduced.

The tariff was not the only thing that demanded Calhoun's attention or valiant opposition. The abolition movement was growing in the North, and Congress was being flooded with petitions, resolutions, and bills to abolish slavery. In his characteristic way Calhoun denounced such bills as unconstitutional, and in several speeches showed the inconsistency of the North.

Even though Calhoun had aroused the hatred of the North for the stand he had taken on the tariff and slavery, he was favored to run for the presidency at the next election. Calhoun was not averse to running, but when he saw that the platform as adopted was not in accordance with the Constitution, he withdrew. He could not bind himself to any platform that was not based on the Constitution. It was the foundation of our country, and he would not be a party to destroying it.

Harrison was elected President, and feeling the need of a statesman who was capable of handling foreign relations and who also understood the questions that confronted our own country, he offered Calhoun the Portefolio of State. Calhoun at first refused the office, feeling that he could better serve the South in Congress. He, however, later accepted the office after he had been urged to do so, and performed his duties with dignity and integrity.

While Calhoun was Secretary of State, Texas applied for admittance into the Union as a State. For several days Congress debated the question of admitting Texas, but finally decided to deny her admittance at that time. Such an action on the part



of Congress aroused the anger of the South to the highest pitch, for it was naturally thought that Texas had been denied admittance solely because it was considered a Southern State and favored slavery. Later events justified the South in drawing such conclusions.

An argument arose between Texas and Mexico over their boundary line, and it was only through skillful negotiation by Calhoun that immediate war was averted. Calhoun was also instrumental in settling the Oregon boundary line.

When Polk was elected President, he did not retain Calhoun as his Secretary of State. Calhoun no doubt was disappointed that he was not kept as a member of the cabinet, for he was in the midst of the Texas and Oregon negotiations. His successor in the Secretary's office blundered, and as a result the Mexican War ensued.

Calhoun did not attack the Mexican War so much but he did attack the peace terms when they were finally instituted. A great many members of Congress, and even President Polk himself, wanted to annex a large part of Mexico. Some even went so far as to demand annexation of all. Calhoun held that the annexing of Mexico or any part of it, was unconstitutional and subversive of the very rights for which our forefathers had fought, besides violating the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. He did not hesitate to say most emphatically that such a policy of annexation would constitute imperialism.

When the Oregon question arose again, it was contended that no one could immigrate to that territory who had slaves and who intended to take their slaves with them, and a bill known as the Oregon Bill was introduced into Congress to that effect. Calhoun denounced the Bill strenuously, and by a series of speeches showed that all States are equal

and have equal rights, and that citizens from slaveholding States had the same rights to migrate into territories, carrying their system of slavery with them, as citizens of non slave holding States. He argued that our Government is a Federal one, and that the States are the constituent parties, standing to it as do citizens of a State to a State, and that the Government, being but an agent, could not appropriate territory for some of its principles. Calhoun's heart bled at the seeming indifference of the North and of her oppressive policy toward the South.

Calhoun's health continued to grow worse, and frequently he had to be carried from the Senate chamber because of faintness. His last great speech—a speech in which he pleaded for the North to change her attitude toward the South—had to be read. He sat through the reading, and his keen eyes, which were not dimmed by age, showed the fight and courage that was in his heart. It was his last appearance in the Senate. When Calhoun first had his attacks of faintness, he knew that he did not have much longer to live, but not for a moment did he entertain any thoughts of quitting his post of duty. He realized that the fight had to be carried on; that it required a man who could cope with the politicians of the North, and, though it meant an early death to him, he continued to fight for and defend his State.

As Calhoun saw the hands of death draw nearer, he wondered what would become of the “poor South” after he was gone. The only regret that he had of dying was that the South would be without a leader, and tears flowed down his cheeks when he thought of the dreadful consequence if the North should continue to pursue her oppressive policy. After his last appearance in the Senate, he lingered

a few days, but finally surrendered to the inevitable, and expired surrounded by loving and loyal friends on March 31, 1849, at the age of sixty-eight years and thirteen days.

Thus went out of the world a great statesman; a man who through his long years of service to his country had served with distinction and honor. Gone was the great defender of the South; gone was he who chose as his platform the Constitution and States' Righth. Well might the South bend her head and mourn him who so long defended her from injustice and oppression; well might his native State, South Carolina, honor and revere him who fought so valiantly for her; well might she cherish the memory of a loyal son, who sacrificed ambition that he might be of service to her.

The home life of Calhoun was free from all suspicion. He lived long and happily with his wife, Floride Calhoun, whom he had married in 1811. To this marriage were born nine children, only a few of whom lived to maturity. Calhoun was a kind and loving father and was devoted to his children; he was never heard to express anger or impatience at them at any time.

Calhoun had a large plantation at Fort Hill, and it was there that he spent his time when not in Washington. When at home he liked to walk over his place, taking great interest in the crops and in the management of the farm. Of a necessity, as with every Southern planter in those days, Calhoun had slaves, but he watched over them with the kindest of feeling and was most considerate of their welfare.

In religion Calhoun was an attendant of the Episcopal Church. He took a great deal of interest in all matters pertaining to religion. Every morning and evening there was prayer in the home, and

there was not anything allowed to interfere with that practice. It is said that once a stranger who had been taken in for the night, and was requested by Calhoun to take part in the evening prayer, refused, whereupon Mr. Calhoun turned him out, stating that no one who was not willing to give thanks to God could not sleep nor eat under the roof of his home.

Turn back the pages of history to the very beginning of our country, and scan as you may those bright pages which contain the names of the patriotic and loyal men that our country has produced, no name, no memory will shine forth with greater brilliance than that of South Carolina's illustrious son, John C. Calhoun, who so courageously upheld States' Rights. None will be found who fought so bravely and nobly for the principles of righteousness and justice. It is well that we have his memory to honor and cherish; it is well that he has left to us the record of a life of unselfishness and sacrificed ambition. May we hold his memory in reverence and his name in honor; it is the least we can do for him who gave his life for the ideals of the South.



**MY FRIEND**

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CLAUDE TEMPLE

---

He is my friend.  
His clothes are tattered,  
And his trousers never had a crease, may be ;  
His hair goes long uncut,  
And his cap is splotched with grease, you see ;  
Yet something down within me  
Finds its mate in him ;  
Some chord of melody in my soul  
Fills out to full harmony  
When he is near.  
He is my friend.





## THE TRIUMPH OF NIGHT

W. L. BAKER, '27

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Through the silent halls of Night  
Far adorn the ailes of rest,  
The spirits of daylight wing their flight  
To the smiling, sunkist West.

The starlight twinkles sadly down  
Whilst the winds in pine-tops moan;  
And from the hills the echoes sound  
That bewail the day now flown.

The crickets shrill, exultant cry  
Flings defiance to the stars;  
O'er the moon's pale face the Nighthawks fly,  
Screaming wild the wrath of Mars.

The gallant Mock-birds lay is sung;  
The Whippoorwill's sad notes are heard.  
Through the vault his law is flung—  
The saddest chant of any bird.

I gaze into the farthest sweep  
Of the pale-white, star-strewn spaces;  
And, heart-heavy, fain would weep  
For a glimpse into those far-flung places.

Silence reigns; the crickets voice is stilled;  
Beyond the brink a star is sinking;  
The hosts of Night the World hath filled,  
And Elfland at the fount is drinking.



## THE STAFF

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F. B. LEITZSEY, Editor-in-Chief  
W. C. BROWN, Junior Co-Op. Editor  
E. R. ALEXANDER, Business Manager  
H. E. GAFFNEY, Senior Literary Editor  
J. B. McKERLEY, Clippings and Comments  
W. R. ELLIOTT, Exchange Editor  
C. E. HAWKINS, Joke Editor  
R. E. SMITH, Circulation Manager  
C. E. METZ, Asst. Literary Editor  
J. R. McTEER, Asst. Literary Editor  
G. C. DUPRE, Asst. Exchange Editor.

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We of the new staff, who have assumed the responsibility for the publishing of this magazine, feel that we are, to a certain degree, incapable of performing the task that has been placed before us. However, we are going to do our best to uplift the standard of the Chronicle and to maintain its reputation of bygone years. To do this, we need the help of the corps, because we realize that it is utterly impossible for us to edit this magazine successfully without your aid. Every man should feel that it is his personal duty to help in publishing his college magazine. This is your magazine to be read by you and published by you. We are your servants and we are open to constructive criticism. We shall appreciate your interest at all times, and shall be exceedingly glad to give you our co-operation on any article that you wish to submit. Let's make every issue next year as interesting and inspiring as possible. Come around, fellows, and let's talk it over.

—F. B. L.

In all ages the literature of man has reflected the conditions and circumstances under which he was living and the thoughts and ideals that he, at that time, possessed. If we glance over the political history of England and the literature, we see that the former has a direct bearing on the latter; that during times of political upheaval and turmoil the literature is inferior in quality and in volume to the literature of the periods of social and political calm and prosperity. The reason for this is self-evident. In such times of strife and difficulties, the intellects of men are focused on the local and domestic problems that confront them, rather than on the broad ideals of literature. Yet there are a few who brave the storm of controversy and discouragement when all others have weakened; who, though they appear to uphold a losing cause, doggedly cling on and, when the clouds have rolled away, they are honored and respected.

So it has been with the Chronicle staff this year. Never before has a school undergone such trials and disturbances. **esprit de corps** has been severely shaken by the sudden snapping of many ties of friendship during the unforeseen and regrettable circumstances. Little thought has been given The Chronicle and little support has been given its worthy and conscientious staff of editors. To them is due honor and the entire credit for the issues that have come out this year.

—W. C. B.

## Book Review Department

MARIA CHAPDELAINE

HEMON—

The author was born at Brest, Brittany in 1880 and died at Chapleau, Ontario, Canada in 1913. Although educated in Paris and in French literary circles considered a brilliant young writer, restlessness and love of adventure took him to England and later to Canada where he pushed to the verge of civilization in the Lake St. John country. Here he lived for a year and working on the land and becoming acquainted with the ways of the people and as a result we have this book "the first really distinguished piece of prose in French-Canadian literature. It has its place with such masterpieces as Paul and Virginia. It has come out in many editions. "In many ways the book is like music, especially because it succeeds in saying as music does things that do often lie too deep for tears." This idyll of the woods shows a race, who amid grim and depressing circumstances, have a peace and beauty in their daily lives. "One can never forget Madame Chapdelaine's unnecessary suffering nor Maria's perplexed listening to the conflicting voices of desire and duty.

Maria's mother was content with life in the older settlements but as soon as they had become settled and neighbors had come, restlessness would seize the father. The passion of his life to clear and not till land led him to start life farther and farther from civilization. All the inconveniences had been bravely borne by Madame Chapdelaine but Maria was accustomed for fifteen years to hear her speak of the idyllic happiness of the older settlements.

Maria's love is won by Francois Paradis who perishes in a snow storm in an attempt to visit her during the Christmas holidays. Two other suitors present their offers, one that of life in the city with its fascination, the other, life in the land she has always known. She is a prisoner of heredity and environment and decides to remain. It is not a sad book for "the story of Francois and Maria is told as music is written and after it is ended it lingers in the air like a melody."

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### RADIO FOR EVERYBODY

LESCARBOURA—

This book was written by the managing editor of the Scientific American. It was originally intended as a guide for the beginner in radio but was such a success that has been revised several times and reprinted no less than eight times and finally entirely rewritten in order to keep up with the demand for the latest available information on popularized radio. It has become a text book in several schools and colleges and in the United States navy. It outlines the elements of radio-reception, describes radiophone broadcasting and some unusual uses of radio on land and sea. Besides being entertaining, the book gives the reader a fairly comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the subject.

—M. V. D.





## THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOMETHING TO DO

Always there has been, and always there will be something to do. Always there are duties to be performed, tasks to be finished, work to be accomplished, and services to be rendered. It is our duty to know that they can be done, and to do them.

There will always be something to do my boy;

There will always be wrongs to right;

There will always be need for a manly breed

And men unafraid to fight.

There will always be honor to guard, my boy;

There will always be hills to climb,

And tasks to do, and battles new

From now till the end of time.

There will always be dangers to face, my boy;

There will always be girls to take;

Men shall be tried, when the roads divide,

And proved by the choice they make.

There will always be burdens to bear, my boy;

There will always be need to pray;

There will always be tears through the future  
years,  
As loved ones are borne away.

There will always be God to serve, my boy,  
And always the flag above;  
They shall call to you until life is through  
For courage and strength and love.  
So these are the things that I dream, my boy,  
And have dreamed since your life began:  
That whatever befalls, when the old world calls,  
It shall find you a sturdy man.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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### The Fighter

If life were all easy, we should degenerate into weaklings—into human mush. It is the fighting spirit that makes us strong. Nor do any of us lack for a chance to exercise this spirit. Struggle is everywhere; as Kearney said at Fair Oaks, "There is lovely fighting all along the line."

IT CAN BE DONE.

---

### Borrowing Trouble

"Man was born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." Misfortune is the unwelcome visitor of all, in time. No poor mortal is denied his share of trouble; they are common property of the race. So to what profit may we bargain for misery in advance?

But human bodies are sic fools,  
For all their colleges and schools,  
That when nae real ills perplex them,  
And ay the less they have to stunt them,  
In like proportion less will hunt them.

—Robert Burns.

### Cowards

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.

—Shakespeare.

---

### Duty

“Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.” Procrastination is the crowning sin of many. It breeds tardiness, carelessness, indolence, and indifference to duty.

When duty comes a-knocking at your gate,  
Welcome him in, for if you bid him wait,  
He will depart only to come once more  
And bring some other duties to your door.

—Edwin Markham.

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### Preparedness

Preparedness might well be called the watchword of the successful man's life. The man who has attained success in life is the man who has at all times been prepared to perform his duties when they knocked at his gate, and to seized his opportunities when they presented themselves.

For all your days prepare,  
And meet them all alike;  
When you are the anvil, bear—  
When you are the hammer strike.

—Edwin Markham.

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Among the appropriate gifts for young men graduates are overalls.—Greenville News.

**Recipe for Reformers**

How to be a reformer: First provide yourself with a collection plate and a subscription blank.

—Anderson Daily Mail.

It is said that the gourmands are torturing song-birds of Italy. The song-birds that Italy sends over here do not seem to have been tortured, but rather fattened like a stalled oxen.—The State.

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Don't expect too much of a boom town. The peaches that ripen too quickly have rotten spots.

—Greenville News.





"This is the bunk," said the sailor as he crawled into his hatch.

---

She said she felt a bit chilly, so I made her a coat-of-arms.

---

Customer: Are these eggs fresh?

Grocer: Madam, they are postively impertinent.

---

He: If I were to kiss you, wouldn't you think I was perfectly awful.

She: Why Jack, what makes you always look at the dark side of things.

---

"You are an habitual criminal"! roared the judge. "T'll wager you cannot tell of one honest thing you have done."

"Sure I can!" retorted the prisoner indignantly. "Didn't I ring up "no sale" when I opened the cash register in the hold-up?"

Am. Legion Weekly.

---

"Dr." Griffin: What steps should be taken if this gas starts escaping?"

"Rat": Long ones.



The poet who wrote "The Shades of Night are Falling Fast" didn't live in a college town. While we're talking of that sort of thing (poetry), won't somebody tell us if "Follow the Swallow" calls for ginger ale.

---

King: As a token of my esteem, I present you with the Order of the Garter.

Collegian: Sorry, old timer, but as a representative college man, I never use the bally things.

---

Algernon: Smoking hey?

Aristides: No, Camels.

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"Would you like to take a nice long walk?" she asked.

"Why, I'd love to" said the young caller, joyously.

"Well, don't let me detain you. —Iowa Frivol

---

"Who was that bum I seen you with last night?"

"That was my husbum." —Ga. Cracker.

---

"That was a fine thing, Bill—standing up and giving that lady your seat.

"Not at all, I merely got tired of her standing on my feet.

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INCLUDING LEFAX,  
WATERMAN'S IDEAL INKS,  
EVERSHARPE PENCILS,  
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AT THE  
OUR CUSTOMERS  
NOT BE

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PRICE AND TREAT  
OR WE WOULD  
HERE

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT

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**WALK-OVER SHOES, ARMY OR DRESS**  
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